

SENTIMENTAL MEMOIRS:

B Y A L A D Y.

V O L. I.

TO VIRTUE ONLY, AND HER FRIENDS A FRIEND—

THE WORLD BESIDE MAY CENSURE OR COMMEND.

POPE.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXXV.

SENTIMENTAL MEMOIRS:



The Author begs leave to apologize,
to those who have been so obliging to
honour her with their Names, for insert-
ing them in the second Volume—by
acquainting them, that they were not
all received when the first Volume was
printed.

L O N D O N :
Printed by H. Baskin, No. 1, Great North-
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MDCCLXXXV.

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

P U B L I C.

IT is, I apprehend, a very
just, as well as ingenious
Remark of a modern Writer,
that DOMESTIC LIFE is the
truest Source of *earthly* Bliss;
if we fail there, we have lit-

the Reason to expect any substantial Joy; all else is a Shadow. The Propriety of this Sentiment will have the Testimony of universal Experience and benevolent Sensibility in its Favour.

WHEREVER the Truth and Propriety of this Maxim are admitted, it is a secret Pleasure to those, who wish to call the Attention of the Public to any new Object of moral Amusement and Instruction, that

TO THE PUBLIC. v

that they will be sure to meet
with an Apology in every feel-
ing Breast.

VERY possibly indeed it
may be the Misfortune of the
Author of these Lines to fail
in the Design she has in
View. She has however the
conscious Satisfaction of know-
ing that her *Intention* is to
promote that Branch of hu-
man Felicity, which all must
wish—which most expect—
but which, through Mistakes

and Errors, by no Means unavoidable, few, it is to be lamented, are happy enough to find.

To expose these Mistakes and Errors, and to set them in such a Point of Light, as may seem best calculated to strike the Attention and affect the Hearts of those, who have not yet entered upon *the most interesting Engagement* of Life, is what has induced the Author to intrude

intrude herself upon the public Notice; by a Relation of Circumstances so far from romantic, as to be founded, in several instances, upon Facts, which are evident enough to any Observer of the History of human Nature.

THIS little Bark, which is now going to be launched in the presence of such numerous Spectators, may not, perhaps, be favoured with

a 4 many

many, who will be anxiously concerned for its Fate; the Solicitude of the Author will not be lessened on that Account—though it is in some Measure relieved by a Hope, that those of her own Sex, at whose Advantage and Happiness she means particularly to aim, will wish it a most successful Voyage.

IN reply to them, the Tide of whose Prejudices runs high against

against the following Style of Writing—instead of entering very deeply into the Arguments which have been advanced for and against it, let it be sufficient to observe, that an Archbishop of our own Church was of opinion, that it is one of the most likely and pleasing Methods of insinuating valuable Instruction into young and dissipated Minds; and the best Antidote that can be devised
in

x A D D R E S S

in the present State of Things
to the dangerous Effects of
Levity and Ignorance of the
World.

WE have indeed to regret,
what has been often regretted
in vain, that the licentious
Ideas and unguarded Ex-
pressions which are to be
found in many of our mo-
dern Writers, have a ten-
dency to inspire the Readers
with a Spirit of Intrigue, and
to offend the delicate Ear of
un-

uncorrupted Modesty and
Virtue.

IN an Age like this, it
would be inexcusable to add
to the Number of Authors
of such a Description; espe-
cially as it is our Ambition
rather to conciliate the Fa-
vour of *one* estimable Cha-
racter, than the Admiration
or Applause of Multitudes
of a different Stamp. If there
should appear a Want of Vi-
vacity or Wit to render these
Pages

Pages more entertaining—as we can make no Pretensions to Brilliancy of Genius, we intreat that *that* Deficiency may be ascribed to the Chaftness of the Sentiment, and the accurate Relation of the Memoirs, rather than to any *rigid Affectation* of Morality, or *gloomy Indisposition* to amuse.

AMONG the several Species of History, says an intelligent Writer, is that which gives a
Sample

Sample of Sentiments and Manners. If the Account of these be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view, through them, the Interior of human Nature. It is by them we percieve what Sort of animal, Man is; so that while not only *Euro-peans* are distinguished from *Asiatic*, and *English* from *French*, every Individual is distinguished from his Neighbour, and we view at the same

same Time, one Nature
which is common to them
all.

ANOTHER Author, no less
ingenious, has observed, that
a Drama, where the Senti-
ments and Manners are well
preserved, will please the
Audience more than a pom-
pous Fable, where they are
wanting. Perhaps, what is
true in dramatic Composition,
is equally true in historic.

IT

It will naturally be expected, that, as the following Pages are written by a *Female*, she should suffer a more than common Degree of Timidity, when her Work shall pass the Ordeal of the public Reviewers. Her Courage would certainly fail her upon this Occasion, were she not persuaded that the Delicacy of those Gentlemen, whose Profession it is to make their Report of every new Publication,

cation, will excite their *candid* Attention to this *first* Effort of the Author to entertain and instruct her own Sex: and that the Consideration of its being her infant Attempt, may, perhaps, incline them to lean as soft as possible upon their Pen, when they are pronouncing their judicial Sentence.

S E N-

SENTIMENTAL MEMOIRS:

REV. MR. BEAUFORT

TO

SIR GEORGE MELMOUTH.

The Parsonage.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER a long intermission
of epistolary Correspondence,
you must permit me to renew it,
though at the expence of much
tender anxiety; as it is to inform

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you of the very affecting Death of
your valuable Sister.

THE loss we mutually sustain
is greatly alleviated by the pleasing
assurance we have all the reason,
we can wish to indulge, of her
certain Felicity ; and, as to the
Character she has left, we can
desire nothing better than that
it may revive in her amiable
Offspring.—Happy, if like her
they live ! Happier still, if they
die with the same hope *full* of im-
morta-

mortality, which so brightened
her expiring moments.—

I MUST now proceed to the
more official part of my Letter;
which is to acquaint you, how
much it was Lady Carteret's de-
sire that you and myself should be
Guardians to her Daughter's in-
experienced years: of which the
inclosed will be a very pathetic
and decisive Evidence.

I CAN hardly account for the
honor with which your excellent

Sister thought proper to distinguish me, either by appointing me to this important Office, or by desiring I would remove with my Daughter, from the Parsonage to the Abbey; but by ascribing it to her solicitude to preserve that intimacy between the young People, which commenced with their earliest years, and has been gradually increasing. This circumstance, together with the uniform Confidence with which she unremittingly favoured me since the decease of her only Son, my much-

lament-

lamented Pupil, conspired to her
wishing my affectionate Care should
be transferred to his Sisters, and
unite with yours in that arduous
Undertaking.

I am, with best Respects to
Lady Melmouth,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful Friend

And Servant,

W. BEAUFORT.

A 3

THE

THE weight of their Affliction
 presses so powerfully on the
 Minds of the young Ladies as to
 plead their apology for not writing
 to Lady Melmouth for some time ;
 you will be so good as to offer this
 excuse in their behalf.



TO THE

REV. MR. BEAUFORT.

Chatham-Abbey.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Toil is over—the Battle
fought—Victory obtained—and
Hope and Fear exchanged for Joy
and Peace.

By the time you have received
this, which will not be delivered
into your hand till I have resigned

A 4

my

my parting breath to Him who gave it, I shall be participating that Bliss, and singing those Praises above, which I have so often, and with so much pleasure heard you celebrate below.

At sight of this, I can have no doubt but you will heave the friendly Sigh and drop the tender Tear. The many years and habits of Friendship, in which we have lived together, cannot be recollected by an heart of such exquisite Sensibility without so natural a tribute,

tribute. Your Piety and good Sense will soon recover their proper tone, and restore your Mind to a state suitably attentive to the *last* Request that will ever be dictated by this Pen.

OF the Sincerity of your affectionate Respect for me, sincerity alas! too rarely to be found, and of the real Attachment you have felt to the interests and happiness of my whole Family, I can have no suspicion. Time and experience have fully satisfied me upon that point.

Of

Of this you will be perfectly convinced, by the proof I am now about to give of my Confidence in your Friendship for me, and for those, who have lost the only remaining Protection they can justly claim. The dear Child, whose early years was under your tuition, once the Hope, and, in prospect, the future Support of this House, heaven has been pleased to take to itself—you loved him with a Parent's fondness—you watched his rising youth with all a Father's care;

care; let it be received as my dying Intreaty that all that love and care may be transferred to his surviving Sisters—whose Sex and Tenderneſs will more than ever need them both.

IN the miſt of the many ſnares with which they are ſurrounded, and all the difficulties they will have to contend with—I am ſupported in the proſpect of approaching Diſſolution, from the aſſurance that you will undertake, and what you undertake I am perſuaded

ed

ed you will conscientiously perform, to be their *Protector*, their *Guardian*, and *Friend*.

YOUR religious Avocations, I know must necessarily engage much of your time and attention, to say nothing of that which is due to your own lovely Daughter; I therefore obtained a promise, antecedent to my writing these Lines, from my dear and worthy Brother, Sir George Melmouth, that he would render you every assistance,

as joint Guardian, to the utmost
of his Power.

I wish you may be able to make
it agreeable to yourself, to move,
early as convenient, with your
amiable Daughter, and take up
your future Residence altogether
at the Abbey.

I HAVE now discharged what
has shook this mortal Frame to its
Foundation—exerted every power
of decaying Nature—strung every
Nerve of this feeble Body with An-
guish

guish the most exquisite; and have nothing left to do, but—to die. The World is flying swiftly from my sight—the Valley of the shadow of Death is directly before me; illuminated indeed by the bright Rays of *Faith* and *Hope* in the Redeemer; and Heaven, I trust, will be my everlasting Home: there may we meet, with all we love. Farewell; written with the trembling Hand of yours,

Most respectfully,

H. CARTERET.

LADY

LADY MELMOUTH

TO THE

MISS CARTERETS.

Stratford Place.

ACCEPT, my dearest Girls,
the sympathetic feelings of a
Friend who sincerely loves you,
and most tenderly condoles with
you in the Loss of an invaluable
Parent—which, at your period of
life, must be attended with pecu-
liar distresses; owing, not only to
your

your inexperience of such a Misfortune, but to the delicate ideas with which your youthful Minds have been always enriched.

I AM not therefore at all surpris'd that these Sensibilities should at present quite over-whelm you. I should rather have been shocked to have discovered the least Appearance of the want of extreme natural Affection, not to say distress, upon so justifiable an Occasion.

BELIEVE yourselves at perfect liberty to communicate all the sorrow

rowful sensations you feel upon such an Event; assure yourselves that I am a sharer in all the griefs your tender Hearts are suffering; and that mine will ever glow with that fervent Affection for your interests and happiness, which may, in any degree, supply a Loss that nothing can fully repair.

THE Choice, which your kind and considerate Mother has made in your Guardians, equally proves her judgment and care—the good Advice, which will be always pleas-

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B

ingly

ingly flowing from the Lips of the pious and sensible Mr. Beaufort, will, I am persuaded, in Minds like yours, be attentively regarded: the death of your Father in your infancy, and the constant attentions of this Gentleman from that time, must have taught you to look upon him almost in a Parental view; while his charming Daughter will afford you a perpetual Object of friendly intercourse and satisfaction.

As to Sir George and myself, no Arguments are necessary, I hope,

hope, to convince you, how dear you are to us both—You may command all the services and advice we can possibly render you: whenever your inclinations lead you to change the Scene for the Metropolis, you will be most affectionately received in Stratford Place.

With our Repeated assurance of the most unfeigned regard,

I remain, my dearest Girls,

Yours sincerely,

LOUISA MELMOUTH.

B 2

SIR

SIR GEORGE MELMOUTH

TO THE

REV. MR. BEAUFORT.

Stratford Place.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

IT is the first time in my life
that I have felt any painful Emo-
tion, at the receipt of a line from
your hand: our Feelings upon this
occasion are perfectly similar: no-
thing you could have said, ma-
king allowance for the common
infir-

infirmities of human nature, could exceed the just Praises due to my deservedly lamented Sister: her *children*—her *friends*—the *poor*—and *all*, who had an opportunity of beholding her great Example, must mourn her departure. No words indeed can adequately express the high Estimation in which she was held by me; more especially in an Age, in which we can so seldom meet with her equal.

AFTER having paid this tribute to the memory of a *Person*, to whom

I was so nearly related, I must seize the opportunity that offers of congratulating the dear surviving Children upon the wisdom and worth of the Choice of their Parent, in appointing you to be one of their Guardians;—I have ever been of opinion that, in matters of so great Importance, no consideration should weigh against the real Advantage designed by such an appointment: you, I have no doubt, will consider yourself as connected with them in every

point of light, which can tend to
their essential Benefit.

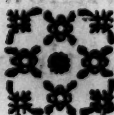
I SHALL be happy to hear of your
immediate compliance with that
part of the very affecting and un-
common Letter you enclosed me,
which speaks of your removal to
the Abbey. It appears to me de-
sirable that you should expedite
that Business without any delay,
for more reasons than that of the
Consolation only of the afflicted
Girls ; to whom you will mention
me in the most affectionate terms,
and

and be assured, I am at all times,
what you know I have long pro-
fessed myself, Rev. and dear Sir,

Most faithfully

Yours,

GEORGE MELMOUTH.



CAP-

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq;

Edgeworth Manor.

DEAR SEYMOUR,

WE are apt to value Blessings
by their reverse: nothing short of
Experience, and sometimes expe-
rience dearly bought, effectually
teaches us to set a proper Esteem
upon things really worth our re-
gard

gard.—My native Land, to which I am once again returned, and of which I used to be so heartily sick, is indeed a welcome Asylum from the melancholy scenes of War.

You will now begin to think that I am surrounded with tranquility and peace; but hold, *Ned*—I am dreadfully afraid that, in avoiding *Scylla*, I have split upon *Charybdis*.—We may rush with confidence into the field of Battle, and triumph in the expectation of Conquest; but there is a fatal moment

ment when we ourselves are surprized and vanquished — not by *Martial foes*, but by the bewitching snares of *Female Charms*.

SUCH a Captive is your poor friend! nor would you wonder, had you seen the Object! I know you well enough to be assured you have too much Taste to condemn my sensibility from so lovely a Cause.

Know, then, immediately after my arrival in *Old England*, that
Edge-

Edgeworth Manor, where I had passed my earliest Years, naturally engaged my first attention: thither I hastily flew: the inhabitants of the Mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, having, as you well know, always treated me with more than common kindness, received me with that Cordiality which stamps the character of *genuine Sincerity*.

I was introduced without ceremony through the old Hall into the Garden, whither my good Friends
were

were accompanied by two young Ladies, whom I found to be the *Miss Carterets*; who had taken up a short Residence with them on the death of their Mother: the sight of them naturally brought to my recollection their dear departed Brother, with whom I had spent those envied hours of sweet Felicity, so well described by Mr. Gray in his Poem on *Eton College*:

“ Ah! happy hills—Ah! pleasing shades,

“ Ah! fields belov’d in vain,

“ Where once my careless Child-hood stray’d

“ A stranger yet to pain.

“ Gay

"Gay hope was ours, by fancy fed,

"Less pleasing when possess'd ;

"The tear forgot as soon as shed,

"The Sunshine of the breast.

"No sense had we of ills to come,

"Nor Care beyond the day"—

ALAS ! how really have these
Lines been verify'd ! but—I must
divert my attention from the
Dead to the *Living*. I found the
friendly *Harcourts* with the two
Ladies in deep Mourning, seated
in a sequestered bower ; and,
with an unaffected *benignity*, so
very engaging in their manners
and

and address, they received my salute with almost a Parent's joy.

THE *Miss Carterets* immediately recollected me; and a flood of Tears, which bespake the dear remembrance of their Brother, poured down their cheeks.

WE had scarce been seated together, when something, that carried more the appearance of an *Angel* than of a human Form, “overwhelmed me with surprise.” I was astonished with this

this ravishing composition of *Simplicity*, *Elegance* and *pensive Grief*.

—*Miss Amelia Carteret* was immediately announced to me, their *youngest Sister*.—"My dear Amelia," said they, "this is Captain Erskine, whom you have often heard of." She beheld me with a look that bespoke the most *exquisite Anguish*, exclaiming, "Alas ! poor William !" and fainted away.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you she soon recovered ; but a melan-

lan-

lancholy seemed fixt upon her Countenance the whole day. The Tendernefs of my Sensations upon this occurrence excited my particular Attentions; and, if I am honest enough to confess all, *my whole Heart* too.

WHEN the time of Night oblig'd me to withdraw from this attractive Society, I shall leave you to guess how much I suffered; more especially, as upon serious Reflection, I had every Reason to fear, that if I encouraged my present

this ravishing composition of *Simplicity, Elegance* and *pensive Grief*.

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WHEN the time of Night oblig'd me to withdraw from this attractive Society, I shall leave you to guess how much I suffered; more especially, as upon serious Reflection, I had every Reason to fear, that if I encouraged my present

Feelings, it would be little better than Madness to expect an equal return—it would be even cruelty to wish it; having nothing myself but my Commission in the Army, and *her* Fortune I found, in the course of Conversation, was by no means sufficient, in point of *Prudence*, for such a connection.

THESE Ideas determined me to abridge my stay in this quarter, from a thorough Conviction that my Peace had no security but in Retreat. Possibly, indeed, my
 refo-

resolution might have failed me, had I not heard that these *Three Graces* were to quit the Manor in a few days, and return to the Abbey; where every thing was ready for their Reception.

LET me hear from you with all expedition, lest I should be obliged to take my flight to a more distant part of the Kingdom; in the mean time I am,

Dear SEYMOUR,

Your perplexed

SIDNEY ERSKINE.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

T O

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's-Inn.

MY DEAR ERSKINE,

YOU expect, I suppose, that I should be all Pity for your *most deplorable* situation; to be sure you are the most *woe-begone* figure that ever was seen. If, peradventure, I should be unfortunate enough to meet

meet you at this critical juncture,
I should take you for the very
Image of the Knight of the *doleful*
Countenance.

JOKING apart; how can any
thing be so ridiculous as to be
smitten to this extravagant degree
with Love at *first Sight*? I can
make no tolerable Apology for
you, but that you have never seen
any thing worth seeing since you
left your native Country.—What
then! are there no Beauties, no fe-
male Charms on the *Continent*?

All the Historians and Travellers I have ever met with, tell me a very different Tale. You, perhaps, have been so engaged with the Honours of War, and with the enthusiastic Hopes of maintaining the Dignity and Glory of the *British Empire*, as intirely to lose sight of considerations so beneath the notice of a *military Hero*.

MISTAKE me not, my dear Erskine, as if I meant to treat the amiable Sensibilities of Love with Neglect or Contempt. I profess myself

myself their most devout Admirer; but, to say the Truth, ever since I have been able to make use of sober Reflection, I am not ashamed to confess myself a prodigious Enemy to *rash* and *inconsiderate Attachments*. The success of them is, at best, precarious; and if we may be allowed to judge from almost universal Experience, the Issue of them has been generally *unfortunate*.

LET me just whisper two words in your Ear—*prenez garde*, my dear Friend; not only for your own sake,

but more especially for the sake of the lovely Object with whom you are so *profoundly enamoured*. I can forgive you all the Scrapes into which you think proper to plunge *yourself*; but expect no *quarter* from me, if you draw this said *charming Creature* into one. I am no less susceptible of tender Impressions than you are; but, whatever the *Extravaganzas* may affirm to the contrary, I am thoroughly satisfied that *Prudence* and *Love* may perfectly agree.

If

IF I understood the art of giving sage Advice, I should certainly make use of it on this Occasion; but, I know you would smile, were I to attempt it. After all, should I behold the Object of your panegyrick, she might not appear the *Phænomenon* you describe; at all events, in her present *afflicted* state of mind, the language of *Love* will lose many of its Charms.

CONSULT therefore your own Peace; seek your Refuge in flight,
and

and let me see you immediately in
the Apartments of

Your ever faithful,

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO
EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.;

Edgeworth-Manor.

DEAR SEYMOUR,

I AM *rivett*ed to this Spot; you
may as well think of moving the
Sun from its Orb, as to draw me
out

out of these Quarters. You may laugh, and joke, and rally, but my Mind is by far too serious to be sported out of my Feelings. Let them trifle with Love, who never knew its Power; I can most sincerely congratulate you as a *blest Insensible*: not that I at all despair of seeing you a Captive of this Tyrant, when the *proper* Object appears.

BELIEVE me, *Seymour*, I could be half angry with you for daring to insinuate, that my *Amelia* is not
a Non-

a *Nonpareil*. I have never heard her spoken of yet but with Raptures; she is the Admiration of all who know her; not more for her *external Charms*, than for her *internal Excellencies*: there is a Delicacy in her person, and a *Gentleness* in her manner, which produces an *Effect* upon the whole, more attractive in my Eyes than the most perfect form of Beauty that Poets have ever feigned.

“’Tis not a set of Features or complexion;
The tincture of a skin that I admire.

Beauty

Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Emily soars above her Sex.
True, she is fair ; O ! how divinely fair !
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With *inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,*
And *Sanctity of Manners.*"

METHINKS I hear you exclaim,
" Oh ! Erskine, thou art indeed *in*
love ; and to *argue* with a Man in
love, is to be more mad than him."

—Be it so, I admit the Charge ;
but if you suspect the *reasonable-*
ness of my Love, come and see !
I am only afraid, that, if your
Heart

Heart is formed like *mine*, I shall have a powerful Rival to contend with.

THE opinion I have of your generosity indeed surmounts that idea ; at any rate, therefore, let me embrace you at *Edgeworth manor*, where you are promised an hospitable Reception as the Friend of

Your

SIDNEY ERSKINE.

Miss

MISS AMELIA CARTERET

TO

MISS BEAUFORT.

Chatham-Abbey.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

WHILE my Sister is engaged in answering a very affectionate Letter from my Aunt *Melmouth*, on the late melancholy Event, let my pen indulge itself in the only superlative pleasure that the present state of my Mind will admit—by
antici-

anticipating the Expectation of receiving you in a few days, at our lonely Mansion: of which your Note conveyed the agreeable Intelligence.

THE Consolation we shall derive from your Presence and Society, we know will surpass the feeble expression of language: the defect of *words*, I hope, will be supplied by every *actual* evidence of Attention in our power to shew.

WE spent, as you heard, a few days, after certain mournful solemnities

lemnities at the Manor; and who should interrupt us in our place of Refuge, but young *Erskine*, the most intimate companion of our *sweet William* at College.

I MUST own his appearance struck me, as it was entirely unexpected, with *uncommon sensations*. I seemed to view him as the *departed shade* of my beloved Brother, having been accustomed to hear his name so often repeated by him with peculiar regard.

WHEN the mind is softened by Affliction, it more easily admits the revival of past sorrows with additional poignancy. Upon this Principle only can I account for the sudden Seizure of my spirits, when I first beheld him. His tender Affiduities upon this incident were truly amiable ; which might be owing, perhaps, in some measure, to his being affected with similar impressions. My *Eliza* would have been charmed with his delicate attentions.

I MUST

I must not allow myself to expatiate on my Feelings on our return to the *Abbey*: suffice it to say, we all required every cordial that Kindness and Friendship could possibly administer to brighten the scene.

We found your *dear Father*, with paternal arms, ready to receive us. He conducted us immediately into the *library*—where we hope he will take his solitary pleasures with equal Delight, as in his favourite Study at the *Parsonage*.

THE Apartment you so much admired, and where, as Milton says,

“ With *Thee* conversing I forgot all time,

“ All seasons and their change”—

we intend for your's, where the Satisfaction, we have so often enjoyed by mutual intercourse, will be again and again renewed. I am, my dear *Eliza*, with much impatience till we meet,

Your affectionate,

AMELIA CARTERET.

ED.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq;

T O

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's-Inn.

SIDNEY, thou art rivetted indeed! enslaved, I fear, beyond the Power of ransom: shall I therefore leave you to your passionate reveries? It would be *treason* to Friendship, were I not to exert my every Nerve to deliver you from

D 3

this

this voluntary *Captivity*—especially as, upon your own Confession, there is in the first place so little probability of accomplishing your wishes; and your lovely Amelia, it seems, is too much absorbed in Affliction to suffer any other Passion to interfere.

To say the truth, I begin to be seriously concerned for you; and as desperate diseases, in *Politics* and *Physic* require desperate Remedies, I see no reason, why they may not be applied in matters of
Love,

Love. If I cannot argue, I shall have no objection to terrify you into your senses. You seem to be running into Difficulties with a sort of Precipitancy, which requires all the kindness of a second Person to caution you against the Danger of their *possible* Issue; a Specimen of which you will find in the following Anecdote.

A YOUNG Clergyman, of the rank of those called *Simple Tonsure*, that is, not yet in Orders, who taught Mathematics and Geo-

graphy in the House of a wealthy Citizen, fell desperately in Love with one of his Daughters, then in her thirteenth year ; on a particular day, the unfortunate Abbé went to a *Restaurateur* in the *Palais Royal*, called for a dinner, eat heartily, and, after discharging the reckoning, called for Pen, ink, and paper ; he bolted the door, and in a few minutes shot himself through the head. On breaking open the apartment, a written Paper was found on the table ; you may depend on the following being

ing a genuine Copy, as I drew it myself from the Original——

“ THERE lives not a Being more wretched than I am. I have just completed my twenty-second year. Though born in the inferior class of Citizens, my Sentiments are noble—my susceptible Heart could not resist the powerful Charms of a *young Lady*, whose Rank in Life, but much more her Fortune, had set her at too great a distance for me to hope for her hand,—To live without her, I cannot,

cannot;—a Crime could alone
 secure her possession;—the very
 Thought I abhor;—my Love is
 wrought to Excess;—and who,
 alas! knows how far it would lead
 me!—I prefer Death, which, at
 another time, I could not, per-
 haps, meet unappalled; at least I
 shall have lived innocent; nay I
 am bold to say it, virtuous;—let
 human Wisdom blame the deed—
 Religion too must condemn me
 for it; but the tender Mind, nay
 those who are not totally bereft of
 Sensibility, will pity my Fate.

“ LIFE

" LIFE I do not regret, if the adorable Object, who is the involuntary Occasion of my untimely End can give one single Tear to my Death.——Adieu."

(Signed)

L'ABBE R——

SUCH, *Erskine*, is the Madness and Folly, not to say the misery of human Nature, left to its own wild Infatuation and extravagant Reveries,

Reveries. You will laugh at me for a *Preacher*, or else I should certainly remind you, in the Language of the sagacious *Solomon*, that a prudent man *foreseeth* the evil, and hideth himself; but the *Simple* pass on and are *punished*;" perhaps you will like my Advice better, if it comes recommended to you, with all the Elegance of one of our most admired *Poets*.

" Put forth thy utmost Strength, work

" every Nerve,

" And call up all the Hero in thy Soul;

" T.

“ To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard

“ thy heart

“ On this weak side where most our Nature

“ fails.”

You will perceive my friendly
Design in all this; remember, from
small beginnings what great evils
flow, and believe me to be,

Dear ERSKINE,

Most faithfully your's

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

To

MISS CARTERET

TO

LADY MELMOUTH

Chatham-Abbey.

YES, my dear Madam, she is gone! the *Parent, Friend* and *Director* of our tender years, has bid an eternal Adieu to her sorrowing and affectionate Offspring.

YOUR seasonable Letter gave us leave to weep, and to seek some
refuge

refuge from our Affliction in your sympathetic indulgence; our Grief, indeed, is great, and the *Loss* we have hardly began to feel; every Day's experience, and almost every minute Occurrence revives it in our minds with increasing Anguish.

IN our present view of things, we seem to be cast upon the Ocean of the World, without Pilot or Helm to steer our Course; we all agree indeed to anchor much Expectation on your kind and friendly Regards. Thanks to the
favou-

favourable dispensations of heaven, whose unerring Providence was our *dearest Mother's* uniform Guide and Support—she has wisely appointed valuable Guardians, whose necessary Advice, we are persuaded, will always tend to check the Follies of our inexperienced Youth; to supply the want of parental Attention; and to caution us against those Rocks, upon which we are liable to be shipwrecked.

WE

WE think it will give you pleasure to receive a little Account of the last Testimony of her pious and affectionate Anxiety for our future welfare, respecting *this* and *another life*; a Circumstance which must, if possible, endear her more than ever to all our Memories and Hearts. Her bodily strength, we had too much reason to believe, never recovered the shock it sustained on the Death of our dear Brother, though her religious Views taught her patient Resignation to

the Will of Heaven; still, however, as that Religion no where forbade her encouraging natural Affections, the struggle, human nature suffered in the trying Conflict, materially injured her delicate Frame; which you know never glowed with the full tide of Health.

No wonder, indeed, that the loss of *such* a Child, in all the bloom of Youth, snatched by a very short warning from all his future delightful Prospects, should make her tread with quicker steps the ground

ground allotted for her Walk on Earth—her Age being by no means so far advanced as to render her Dissolution, otherwise, in human probability near.

I AM unexpectedly interrupted—
but hope to renew the subject before to-morrow's Post.

MISS CARTERET

IN CONTINUATION.

WITHIN a few Hours before
her immortal Spirit took its happy

E 2

Flight

Flight from this world to a better, we were all summoned into the melancholy Apartment together ; where our dear departed Mother addressed each of us, in a most pathetic manner, with a faint but pleasing Accent, as far as my Memory can recollect, exactly in these Words,

SHE took me by the hand, and with a Look of inexpressible Fondness ; “ My dear *Honoria*, you will soon be deprived of your nearest earthly Relative ; and as I have
never

never failed, in *intention at least*, to consult your real good, through every period of my Life, I wish to make this *last* Scene of it most valuable to you all; for which reason alone, and not to excite any additional Distress in your bosoms, I have called you together to hear my dying Instructions—which I intreat and charge you, upon every Principle of Duty, Affection, and Gratitude, *never to forget*.—Of all the lessons of Advice I ever gave you, you will bear me witness, that, that upon which I laid the

greatest Stress was, when I exhorted you to make the SACRED SCRIPTURES your *Delight* and *Guide*; that Advice I repeat to you all again. In the Friendship of the *World* you may meet with much Disappointment, and *little Advantage*—in *Them* you will always meet with a silent Friend to instruct and reprove, in whose Integrity and Truth you may ever, with safety, confide; they will enrich your Minds with the *best Wisdom*; which, from Authority divine and human, is allowed to
 consist

consist in the Knowledge of *God*—
our *Saviour*—and *Ourselves*. Ignorance, in either of these Respects, is the source of every essential Error: to know them, is *to be wise for Eternity*.”

“As to you, my dear *Louisa*, there is a degree of *unguarded Vivacity* in the turn of your Mind, which I have, as you know, been often tenderly apprehensive might endanger your future Peace. Let me whisper, with all a Parent's fondness in your Ear, *Beware of the World;*

World; its Attractions have, I perceive, already too much of your heart; but remember, its Charms, however insinuating, are delusive and transitory."—

“WITH respect to you, my dearest *Amelia*, in order to fortify your too susceptible Heart against the Joys and Sorrows of Life, expect to meet with *few* of the former; prepare your Mind for *many* of the latter; and let your constant Application be to *Him* who can convert them both to your best Advantage.”

WERE

“WERE my strength equal to the Undertaking, my Affection would induce me to *enlarge* upon every thing that might be for your Benefit. I must leave you, however, with this last Memento to you all, “*Read* human Authors—*Study* the BIBLE.”——

HER Countenance began to change upon uttering these words—and we were taken from her presence, The Recital of this *most affecting* Scene, has left such an
Impression

Impression of Sorrow and Distress
upon my Feelings, as obliges me
to conclude abruptly, by assuring
you, dear and honoured Madam,
of my being, with equal Duty and
Love,

Your humble servant

HONORIA CARTERET.

CAP-

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq;

Edgeworth Manor.

TO be sure, *Seymour*, thou art
become the *gravest* of all mortals!
absolutely turned *Preacher*! Pray
when do you *take Orders*? or have
you taken them already? If not,
let me have the Honour of signing
your

your *Testimonials*; quit *Lincoln's-Inn*, and try if you have not Interest enough to procure a *Prebendary's Stall* in one of the *Cathedrals*; I say *Interest* enough; for, as to your *Merit*, you may keep that a secret to yourself; it will never be enquired after.

You quote *Solomon*; depend upon it, I shall never dispute his *Authority* or *Wisdom*—to contend with the former would be disloyal; he was a *King*—and to oppose the latter,

latter, would be to expose my own Ignorance.

As to your *Poet*, I think I may enter the lists with *him*; and, that I may fight fair, I will fight with his own weapons; they will serve every purpose, I wish, in answer to your *hoary* counsel.

“ These are suggestions of a mind at ease.

“ Oh! Seymour, didst thou taste but half

the Griefs

That ring my soul, thou would’st not talk thus coolly:

Passion *unpitied* and *successless* love,

Plant daggers in my heart.” —

BUT

BUT why talk of these things to a Heart so unimpressed with tender Sensibilities ! If you really think me so far gone, so qualified for *Bedlam*, or for an inhabitant of the *Moon*, why not come to be my Keeper? why so prodigious tardy in bending your footsteps this way? Perhaps your Presence, and Prescriptions together, might recover me to my *sober Senses*, and effectuate a Cure. What a triumph would this be of Friendship over the powers of Love!

AT

At any rate, do let me see
you soon at *Edgeworth-Manor*; if
indeed you have any regard for

SIDNEY ERSKINE.



ED.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's-Inn.

YOU are very much mistaken,
my dear Erskine, in supposing I
am a stranger or an enemy to
what you are pleased to call the
tender Sensibilities; but I have al-
ways admired the resolution of a
Person

Person I have somewhere read of, who determined to live like a *Philosopher*, and to love like a *Man*; by which I apprehend he meant to act, in this said business, upon principles of *Reason* as well as *Feeling*; but no more of that for the present.

AN incident has lately occurred in the History of our Family, which has thrown us into no little Confusion: I know not whether to rank it in the class of Tragedy, Comedy, or Farce—it seems to

have a spice of all three in its composition ; you shall hear it.—You remember my sister *Emma* ; she has taken the most sudden and unaccountable Whim in her Head that could possibly have befeigned a Girl of her fine Understanding. You recollect I have often told you, she was really a genius, and would have cut a more considerable Figure at the *Bar* than my *dunderhead* is ever likely to do.

I CANNOT lose this Opportunity
(for I must confess she is a prodigious

gious Favourite of mine) of giving you a specimen of her uncommon Abilities;— We were conversing together, *en famillé*, after Supper, when the Subject of discussion was the *British Constitution*: she sat silent for a long time, but very attentive, and with a look which bespoke a modest consciousness of her insufficiency to engage in such a Subject. Upon which I fixed my Eyes as attentively on her, and said, “Well, *Emma*, what think *you* of the British Constitution?” Upon which she replied

immediately, "Why, Brother, I think it is *something*, or *nothing*, *every thing*, or *any thing*, just what the *reigning Party* pleases to *make it*."

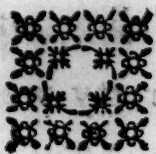
AND what now, you will be ready to say, of this clever Girl? Would you believe that, with all her political Discernment, she has had so little *Policy*, as to make a sudden disappearance from her Father's house—which, as you may naturally suppose, deranged its present Peace and Satisfaction?

We

We have made the most critical Inquiry, but can gather no Information from any quarter ; not the least account can be collected from any Mortal, nor from any Paper she has left behind.

IN this distracted state of Mind, I will leave you to judge, whether it be possible for me to quit this part of the World, till we have some satisfactory Tidings of the *fair Elop-er*? I am pretty well assured, it can be no *Love* affair ; in that case, I flatter myself I should have been

her *Confidant*. Your situation is not an agreeable one; but mine of the two is certainly the worse. You will accept this as an Apology for my not acceding to your Wishes, respecting *Edgeworth* *ma-her*: Charity should undoubtedly *begin* at *home*, though it should never *end* there. —



IN

IN CONTINUATION.

ATFER infinite Pains and Solici-
tude, we have at length been able
to trace the *Route* of this wild Girl;
and I have a Commission extra-
ordinary to fet out, with all pos-
sible expedition, in Pursuit of her.
You may depend upon it, I shall
continue my Search, till I have
made a full Discovery.

THERE must therefore be a ces-
sation of friendly Intercourse till my

-C-E

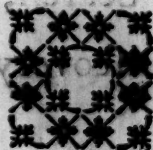
F 4

Return,

Return, as I know not certainly
 where your Letter will find me.
 I am, however, in all places and
 circumstances,

Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD SEYMOUR,



E D-

[89]

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

T O

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR ERSKINE,

JUST going to set off—the
Chaise at the Door—have only a
Moment to tell you, that if your
heart should be ready to break for
want of communicating your me-
lan-

lancholy *Sensibilities*, your may direct to me at *Monf. Deseins, Calais,*

“For Grief when divided is hush’d
“into peace.”

Yours, &c.

E. S.



Miss

MISS BEAUFORT

TO

LADY PORTMAN

Chatham Abbey.

AN early Acknowledgment is
due to my dear Friend, for her
extreme Kindness and Attention
during my residence at the *Grove*.
Nothing could have reconciled me,
after such pressing Solicitations to
spend

spend the Season with you, to take so abrupt a leave, but the calls of suffering Friendship in the most lovely Distress; especially, as the amiable *Miss Carterets* have assured me, that, if any thing could alleviate their Sorrow, it would be my Presence among them.

It will certainly afford me great Satisfaction, if, at this afflicting Crisis, it should be in my power to administer though but a moment's Relief. There is no doubt an uncommon Delicacy of Conduct required

quired upon these occasions. I know, from the most tender Experience, what they feel in the Loss of an invaluable Parent, having myself felt the same. And I know too, how far my anguish was from being lessened by the inexpedient Officiousness of those, who are apt to think there is no cure for a Mind in trouble, but the opposite extreme; whereas, if Levity and Diversions be at any time unseasonable, it is in such Circumstances.

A SEN-

A SENTIMENTAL Writer of our own times, has, I think, very justly observed that, "It is not by *resisting*, but by *soothing* Grief, that we must strive to heal the wounded Heart." — The tender Sympathy of pitying friendship is the best Balm for every Woe.

I HOPE the *agreeable* Stranger, whose Name we could not learn on account of his secret Expedition, has by this time found his lost Sheep.--Surely such amiable *Anxiety*

ty bespeaks an uncommon degree of brotherly Affection; I can hardly forgive her the many hours of Vexation she will cause him.—

You will see, my dear Lady Portman, by the length of this Letter, that I have made a very free use of the Liberty you allowed me of speaking all my Mind to you; I begin to fear you will suppose I have translated that Liberty into a *Licence*; the very Apprehension of which obliges me to conclude

clude immediately with assuring
you

I am,

Your very affectionate Friend,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

LADY

LADY PORTMAN

to

MISS BEAUFORT.

The Great.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

NEVER be afraid to use your
Liberty while you have it—you
 have free *licence* to enjoy every
 Indulgence of that sort with me;
 and I am very much mistaken in

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G

you

you indeed, if you have any Inclination to enjoy a *liberty* or *licence* which Propriety and good Sense would not justify.——

To say the truth, I wish you had addressed me with a little more freedom; our intimacy surely is a full discharge from every kind of Reserve and *Apology*; perhaps, indeed, you would persuade me, that because I have ventured to become a Disciple of *Hymen*, I am therefore to be turned into a grave Matron; I have no objection

I . . . to

to all the delicate Cautions prescribed by *Religion* and *Sentiment*; but I shall hardly subscribe to your Creed, much as I love you, if it be one of your opinions, that Matrimony is to be the Tomb of female Friendship, or of innocent Vivacity.

I SHALL write a little in your own style, I believe, when I observe, and to live without observation is the Life of a Brute, and not of a reasonable Creature—that the present State of things is a

chequered scene ; wisely, perhaps, ordered to be so ; as the little disappointments we meet with often serve to increase our satisfaction. I will endeavour to make up the loss of your departure by the pleasing Expectation of your presence at the *Grove* as soon as possible again. My selfish indulgence ought to give place to a more *general Good* ; I will therefore congratulate the *Miss Carters* on the Consolation which they are likely to receive from my *Eliza*.

I AM

I AM obliged to break off as abruptly as yourself; but having a great deal more to say, shall recommence this pleasing employment to-morrow.

LADY PORTMAN

IN CONTINUATION.

In order to dissipate your needless Apprehensions, respecting the length of your Letter, I mean to set you an Example. If you ex-

pect any Apology from me in return, I shall not gratify you. While I can derive any Pleasure from *writing*, I am *resolved* to flatter myself, that you have an equal share in *reading*.

I HAVE, now indeed, a subject before me, in which I have a shrewd guess that you will have rather *more* than an equal share. You enquire after the *agreeable Stranger*; was you not a little off your guard when you made use of that Epithet?—Well, *Eliza*—suppose that,

that, in searching for a Sister, your *agreeable Stranger* should have found a ~~————~~ I must not say what; who knows but this *may* be the Case? There seems to be a sort of *Pity* in your Bosom upon this tender occasion, which we have heard is near allied to *Love*. If I may be permitted to argue from analogy, the same Sentiment which led you secretly to reprove a *Sister* for deserting *such* a Brother, might, peradventure, incline you to blame any young Lady for *refusing* so *agreeable* a *Stranger*.

I TOLD you I was interrupted very suddenly, occasioned by the arrival of this said *Agreeable*; who had called, on his return from the Continent, in consequence of a pressing invitation he had received from Sir *Beaumont Portman*; of which I had not been apprised. The dilemma to which I was reduced by this Incident, was not relieved till Sir *Beaumont* had made his appearance; who immediately unravelled the Mystery.

I do

I do not know whether I ought to tell you, that I really believe, from the *manner* of enquiring after you (for you know my *pretensions* to *Physiognomy*) that he has a *Penchant* for my charming Friend: he appeared to me to have a little chagrin depicted on his *Visage*, upon not finding *you* one of our Party. I learn from the Gentleman who introduced him to Sir *Beaumont*, that he is the only Son of a person of fortune, and bears an extraordinary Character; but

but from principles of Policy and good Sense is bred to the Bar.

I CERTAINLY look upon my *Eliza* as an Exception to the foolish weakness of her Sex, or I should not have been thus particular in the Description of a person in whom, joking apart, you can be by no means interested.

You will consider it all as mere matter of Entertainment, prepared by the friendly hand of

Yours, affectionately,

CHARLOTTE PORTMAN.
MISS

MISS BEAUFORT

TO

LADY PORTMAN.

Chatham-Abbey.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE marriage Ceremony, I
perceive, has not deprived you of
your usual vein of *Raillery*; which,
as it is always cloathed with the
Pleasantry of perfect good Hu-
mour,

mour, cannot fail to entertain. I believe you incapable indeed of *that sort* of Raillery, which more properly deserves the name of cruel *Satire*—as it both wounds the Object to whom it is addressed, without the least probability of rendering them any Service, and betrays, I had almost said, a total want of Humanity in those who indulge it.

THERE may be Characters, whose Pertness and Indecency are not to be subdued by any softer
Wea-

Weapons; but such, I hope, will never rank in the number of *our* intimate Connections.

I SUPPOSE you will expect I should say something about the *agreeable Stranger*—and if I do say any thing, you will expect I should speak the *Truth*, and *nothing but the Truth*.

METHINKS I hear you saying to yourself, how *political* she is in omitting *the whole Truth*!

CER-

CERTAINLY it is necessary I should be political, so long as I can remain secure from the charge of Disguise or want of Candor; especially as I have not penetration enough to discern whether you mean to tantalize me, or to divert yourself. However, if you are entertained, I shall be happy though it be at my expence.

No Objection can possibly arise on my part to revisiting the Grove. **My** situation here, at present, can-

cannot be very gratifying: but we are both of opinion, that it is the Fate of Sensibility, to pay dear for its pleasures; the nearest Connections can never subsist without some degree of pain and inconvenience; and yet, who would be destitute of such Connections?

THE *Miss Carterets* are indeed a *Treasure* in that respect; and it is a Luxury to my own feelings when any effort of mine to relieve their Distress proves successful.

Cau-

Cautious as I know you are of forming Attatchments, and much as you disgust the *Tón* of visiting and being visited, for the sake of idle Amusement, I promise myself great pleasure, and many thanks, if any Opportunity should favour my introducing these excellent Girls to your Friendship.—

You love to receive little sketches of Characters; I shall therefore make a *feint* towards giving you an idea of this charming *Trio*.

By

By the way, they all abound in your favourite *traité*, called *Sentiment*; you will meet with more of it in them than in many of twice their age. They are no Statues of *solemn Silence*, I assure you—no Monuments of *uninformed Stupidity*; though the *Sentimental* turn of each of them has a surprising, and on that account agreeable, Variety.

HONORIA is a composition in
Person, Temper, and Address, of
 VOL. I. H Sub-

Sublimity and Elegance, without any of the very offensive alloy of *hauteur* and *reserve*. Her *Figure* and *Countenance* are such as necessarily command an awful Respect; but the moment you enter into Conversation, you are delighted with a *Gentleness*, *Humility*, and *Sweetness*, which give her every Charm, that imagination could wish, to finish so lovely a Form; your admired Milton would say;

“ Grace is in all her steps, Heaven in her

“ Eye,

“ In all her actions Dignity and Love.”

How

H

How

How very different a Character is that of LOUISA ; Sentiment indeed, with Vivacity and Spirit, just within the borders of something very like Pride and Levity ; so infatuated with the *World*, its *Pleasures*, *Vanities* and *Parade*, that, if it were not for the Check of her good sense, one should be apt to entertain a thousand Fears.

THE lovely AMELIA is the most pathetic *Melpomene* you ever beheld ; her fine Understanding has

H 2

hardly

hardly power to exert itself against her extreme Sensibility. This, together with the delicacy of her Frame, renders her almost an inevitable Prey to the tenderest Solicitudes.

I SHALL give you no licence to put any other Interpretation on my Words, than what they will fairly admit, when I tell you, that I shall be glad to hear the *agreeable Stranger* has succeeded in his pursuit; upon which I was a little chagrined at receiving no Information. You must repair this omission

omission, whenever you send a
fresh Packet to,

Your's,

Most affectionately,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.



H 3 LADY

LADY PORTMAN

TO

MISS BEAUFORT.

The Grove.

MUCH as I wished for an opportunity of acknowledging the Receipt of your last, and of exerting my utmost Endeavours to repay it, I have been hitherto prevented by a multitude of interrupting occur-

occurrences. *Expectation*, they say, constitutes a very material part of human Happiness; and the pleasures of *Imagination* are generally thought to exceed those of *Reality*: I charge you, therefore, to raise your expectation, and to indulge your fancy to the highest degree, till you hear again from, my dear *Eliza*,

Yours, in haste,

CHARLOTTE PORTMAN.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

MISS SEYMOUR.

St. Omers.

MY DEAR DISTRACTED SISTER,

I FIND, by every Attempt I have hitherto made, it is impossible for me to obtain a *personal Interview*, without leave obtained from the **Archbishop of Paris**; and it is with

with difficulty that I have prevailed with the Lady Abbess to permit this mode of Access to you.

You will recollect the *Hand* immediately. I wish you could enter into the Feelings of the *Heart*, which dictates to my pen upon this uncommonly affecting Occasion. How have I seen you melt at any tender tale of Woe, though but imaginary! Think, then, what ought to be your emotions at the *real* and ineffable

Anxie-

Anxieties, which rend the heart of your agitated Parents ; to say nothing of the Poignancy of my own Sensations upon this *unaccountable* Event.

I AM promised that you shall be indulged with the liberty of writing me a Line—which I hope will contain some *Intelligence*, for *Satisfaction* I do not expect, concerning this *strange* Expedition. What can you mean ? or how can you possibly bear the reflections of your own Mind, when you consider,

sider, that to gratify your private views, whatever they may be, you have sacrificed the *Peace*, *Harmony*, and *Felicity* of all you are bound, by every principal of Duty and Reason, to love?—

You know my extreme partiality for you—which ought to have induced you to have placed the utmost Confidence in me, before you proceeded to such an inexcusable measure as this.

I HAVE been used to entertain the highest opinion of your Understanding—

derstanding and Judgment; but
 am now shamefully silenced upon
 that head, by your own Impru-
 dence: let me hear from you im-
 mediately, and extenuate, if pos-
 sible, the Evil of your miscon-
 duct, by the only Atonement it is
 in your power to make—by in-
 treating you may return to your
 afflicted Parents, and to, dearest
Emma,

Your truly wretched

E. SEYMOUR.

MISS

MISS SEYMOUR

T O

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

St. Omer's.

SEEK not, my dearest and
most deserving Brother, to know,
what to reveal would only serve
to aggravate your Pain. I am
not

not without my *Feelings*; too common I suppose to a female heart; and as to my *Understanding*, which you are pleased to flatter, I owe it to *that* in a great measure, that I am in my present situation.

If the Sensibilities of other people are at all similar to my own, nothing is more natural, I apprehend, than to fly, as far as possible, from an Object from which we had vainly hoped to enjoy the highest

highest Satisfaction upon earth; but have unfortunately met with the severest Disappointment—especially when we know it is not in the *Power* of that Object to administer the Relief we need.

THIS will, perhaps, appear all Mystery to you—and Mystery for the present let it remain. I thought not, at the time I took this hasty Step, of the painful Sensations which it would create in the Breast of others. The over-
pow-

powering influence of *personal Anguish* supercedes, while it is operating, every consideration but that of *personal Ease*.

For a while, then, let me intreat you to leave me to myself. Time, and this new Scene, may possibly restore me to that equal tone of Spirits for which I have been frequently remarked, and which only can render my Company satisfactory to those I love. You must plead my cause with
them,

them, in the best manner you can; and so add to the many Reasons you have already given me to subscribe myself,

My dear Brother's

Most affectionate Sister,

EMMA SEYMOUR.

VOL. I.

I LADY

LADY MELMOUTH

TO

MISS CARTERET.

Stratford Place.

YOUR Letter, my dear Honoria, containing the very pathetic Account of *Lady Carteret*, I shall deposit as a *precious Treasure*. Happy for the too thoughtless
part

part of the World, if its benign Effusions were spread among them; the valuable Advice, though perhaps often repeated before, must, no doubt, come attended with a peculiar Emphasis at such an affecting Period; and, from the Solemnity of the scene, be likely to leave a more *abiding* Impression upon the mind.

You will never forget, I hope, that it is a circumstance with which you have been favoured by divine Providence, to have had a

Parent, who thought *Religion* essential to her *Happiness* while *living*, as well as a necessary Support and Comfort when about to *die*. Her instructive Example was the effect of true Piety; free from the Gloom of *Superstition*, the Extravagance of *Enthusiasm*, and the more disgusting Ostentation of *spiritual Pride*. No wonder, then, that she beheld her approaching Dissolution with such *sweet Complacency*, and that *Eternity* should dawn upon her departing Spirit with such a *cheerful Splendour*.

You

You must allow me to say, that the best Evidence you can give of the strength and perpetuity of your filial Love to her Memory, is to make that *Religion*, which was her highest pleasure, not your *Duty* only, but your *Supreme Delight*.

You have already Piety enough, I am persuaded, to wish with me, that, through the divine Grace, we may all be found, not the

Captives, but the *Conquerors* of
Death.

THE Season of the Year is now
advancing, when I shall claim
you for my Property, by pro-
posing *Stratford Place*, for your
Winter Residence. That your kind
Protector at the *Abbey* may have no
objection to this, I shall expect to
be indulged with one at a time—
as you shall agree among your-
selves. *Sir George* will be equally
happy to receive you, and hopes
soon

soon to partake in that Satisfaction
with

Your very affectionate

LOUISA MELMOUTH.



EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's-Inn.

MY DEAR ERSKINE,

I AM just returned after an unsuccessful Voyage. The mysterious Reasons, which winged my *Emma's* Flight, still remain unfathomable.

AFTER

AFTER much difficulty I procured the enclosed Letter from her; the Contents of which I can no more decypher than I can the Hieroglyphics of the antient Egyptian Priests; they will, I dare say, surprize you.

BETWEEN you and me I begin to have my Apprehensions, that some chagrin in Love has occasioned this strange Disappearance. It is agreed, however, to submit to her voluntary Exile, in hope
that

that our persevering Intreaties may at *last prevail*; I have indeed some fears about that, I must confess, as her temper has always been a *determined* one; and, if she had any fault, it was a sort of *firmness* in her own decisions, too nearly allied to *obstinacy*.

IN my search after this said *Runagate*, I accidentally met with an old College - Acquaintance, who recollected me, at the Inn where I was waiting for Horses, and introduced me to his friend

Sir

Sir Beaumont Portman; whose elegant Seat, called the *Grove*, had attracted my Eye, and to which he very preffingly folicted me to return with them, and take some refreshment; affuring me, that the Races would effectually prevent my being accommodated with any Chaise or Horfes *that day*.

I was vastly pleased with his generous Hospitality; and, as I found myself frequently a little more absent than Politeness could justify, I apologized in short for it, by relating

lating the Circumstance which occasioned my secret Anxiety. *Lady Portman*, I observed, was the picture of *sympathetic* concern upon hearing my Narrative; and made use of every obliging attention by Music, &c. which were evidently designed to amuse my painful Solitude. She was accompanied by a very accomplished young Lady, who discovered so many amiable Points, that I may own to you, I suppose, I felt my Attention, in the midst of all my distress,

distress, *not a little* drawn to that quarter.

SIR BEAUMONT would not part with me without a promise of my returning that way—as they should wish very much to know the issue of my negociation at *St. Omer's*, and the history of the fair Wanderer.

THE invitation was too agreeable to admit of a Refusal. I returned that way, and spent, or rather enjoyed, more than four and
twenty

twenty hours *en famille* with Sir Beaumont and his Lady; which gave me an opportunity of observing in them, what we have so much cause to lament the want of in our day, a certain *union of Soul and Sentiment*, which alone can render the most intimate of all Connections desirable and happy.

MATRIMONY, which is so much the aversion of our *modern Men of fashion*, may certainly be a state devoutly to be wished—and I do not know whether I should not have

have been very near commencing one of *Hymen's* Votaries, had the young Lady, I saw here on my first visit, been of the Party on my return; forgive my Vanity in presuming to think I should not have met with a Repulse in any overture of that kind.

CERTAIN it is, had I possessed *your* unfortunate Susceptibility to be *enamoured* at the first Glance, or to pay myself a still *greater* compliment, had I not possessed more Self-command than my Friend, I
might

might probably have sunk by this
time into his *pining* and *fighing*
Condition. I am, however, in all
conditions,

Most faithfully yours,

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

Certain it is, had I possessed
your unfortunate Subserviency to
be summoned, and Chance, or
to pay myself a still greater com-
pliment, had I not possessed more
Self command than my Friend, I
might

CAP.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq;

Edgeworth Manor.

I was indeed *surprized* at the receipt of the Letter you inclosed me; not so much on account of its Contents, which were curious enough, but at the sight of the hand writing. I have something

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in

in my possession, which, unless I greatly mistake, will unfold this Mystery at once; I think I can trace an exact Resemblance between the Style and Writing of your Sister's Letter, and a very *extraordinary* one I received since my arrival in *England*—of which the literal Transcript is as follows :

SIR,

THE History of your Life will not afford you any Incident likely to

to strike you, with a greater degree of Wonder than this. The Author, however, is very serious, and is influenced by the calmest Judgment and Principle in this Address.—She has, perhaps, with more Pleasure than *Prudence* entertained an Idea that she was not indifferent to you ; and has looked forward, with happy Expectation, that a Concurrence of circumstances, arising from family Connections, might favour her utmost Wishes.

COMMON Fame, whose reports we believe or reject, not as propriety or evidence, but as *Inclination* and *Prejudice* lead us, has given an apparent Stab to my, perhaps, ill founded Hopes; and, I hear, that you have formed an Attachment sadly fatal to *my* delusive persuasions.

My present Peace, not to say any thing of my future Happiness in Life, is so much interested in
 having

having my mind satisfied on this Subject, that I must appeal to your candour and generosity for having transgressed the strictest Rules of *Female Decorum* in this instance.

You will have honour enough to indulge me with the Information, and too much Delicacy to make any particular Inquisition concerning the *Writer* of these Lines—of whom it may be sufficient to say, she is a Person of Education,

cation, Family, and Fortune, and
Sir,

Yours, &c.

Though

UNKNOWN.

P. S. Please to direct a line to
for M. M. at _____

Do you not think there is some-
thing in this Letter that intirely
corresponds with a Character
so extraordinary as that of your
Sister's?—

Sister's?—You will be perfectly convinced when you compare them together.—Whether you come for that or any other purpose, let me repeat, I am eager to embrace you at *Edgeworth Manor*, and am

Yours, most faithfully,

SIDNEY ERSKINE.



Miss

MISS BEAUFORT

TO

LADY PORTMAN.

Chatham Abbey.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

YOU told me to raise my Expectations; but I shall be glad to know when they are to be gratified. Female curiosity, they say,
is

is always upon the stretch—on tip-toe; how much more so, when it is excited to such an uncommon Degree! Perhaps, indeed, you might mean, that my Pleasure should arise from the *Expectation* itself, and not from the thing *expected*. I know not whether you had any such Sentiment on the Subject; but I have met with an Incident astonishing to imagination itself.

I HAD accompanied the Miss *Carterets* and my Father, a few days

days since, upon a visit to *Edgeworth Manor*. While we were sitting perfectly at our ease, in full Chat, we were suddenly interrupted by the opening of the door—and the servant announced, “Mr. *Seymour*.” It was easy to see, by their Manner of embracing each other, that he was the particular Friend of a *Captain Erskine*, who has been domesticating for some time at the *Harcourts*.

SCARCE had I recovered the Emotion occasioned by such an unexpected Interruption, before I was
 seized

seized with a much stronger. In a Moment I reconnoitred the *agreeable Stranger*. Judge, if you can, what were my Sensations, especially when I perceived, as soon as he had time to look about him, he recognized your wandering Friend.

I COULD hardly believe my Eyes, which, however, were soon convinced by a particular Bow, with which he very politely distinguished me—enquiring, at the same time, when I had the pleasure of hearing from the amiable Family at the *Grove*.

THE

THE Conversation afterwards took a promiscuous turn—till the agreeable *Stranger*, whose name is no longer a Secret, thought proper to entertain the Company with the occasion of our double surprise.

WE retired from the table to the Harpsichord, and were charmed as usual with *Amelia's* enchanting Powers, vocal and instrumental. *Captain Erskine* gave us a hint, that his Friend *Seymour*, had
both

both Taste and Voice for Singing : you may be sure we made proper use of it, and united our solicitations to be favoured by his Performance : with a Manner that rather discovered an inclination and wish to *please* than a confidence in his own Ability, he immediately complied, and entertained us with the following Air from *Mason's Elfrida*, with which I shall conclude my epistolary Prattle for the present.

“ The Turtle tells her plaintive tale,

“ Sequestered in some shadowy Grove,

“ The

" The Lark in radiant Æther floats,
 " And swells his wild ecstatic Notes ;
 " Mean while on yonder hawthorn's Spray,
 " The Linnet wakes her temperate lay,
 " She haunts no solitary shade,
 " She flutters o'er no sun-shine Mead ;
 " No love-lorn griefs depress her Song ;
 " No raptures lift it loudly high,
 " But swift she trills amid th' æreal throng
 " Smooth simple Strains of sobereft
 " Harmony."

I am,

My dear Lady Portman,

Ever yours,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

E D:

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

T O

SIR BEAUMONT PORTMAN.

Edgeworth-Manor.

IT is not in human Nature, I
believe, to be really sensible of Ob-
ligations that affect the Heart, and
to rest satisfied, without *expressing*
its

its Acknowledgments, however deficient those Expressions may be.

ACCEPT then, my dear Sir, a few lines as a testimony of the Sense I have of the favours received under your hospitable and friendly Roof. Distressing as the Cause was which brought me originally to the Spot, where I first had the pleasure of seeing you, I shall certainly reckon it among the happiest incidents of my Life, that it introduced me to so valuable an Acquisition,

sition as the Notice of Lady *Portman* and *Yourself*; and it is highly gratifying to me to assure you of my Design to revisit the *Grove*. In the mean time I could not omit this Mode of shewing my attentive Regard; especially as you were so kind to desire any Account, I might hereafter have an opportunity of communicating, respecting my *mysterious* Sister.

I HAVE just received some Information which partly decyphers

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her

her late unaccountable Conduct. Suffice it to say, that, her sensibility having suffered a Disappointment; the particulars of which I will defer to a personal Interview; she conceives that nothing but Time, and her present Change of Scene, can recover her to that degree of Composure she formerly possessed.

I AM now on a visit to an old College Friend of mine; and, I may say, to my agreeable, as well
as

as great Surprise, I found there, in a dining party, the young Lady, lately a Visitant at your house, Miss *Beaufort*. Her excellent Father, in whom it requires but little Discernment to perceive a most respectable Assemblage of *Piety, Intelligence, and Politeness*—understanding that we were travelling Acquaintance, and that I was honoured with *your* Partiality, very obligingly invited me to the *Abbey* with my Friend *Erskine*.

You will believe me, when I assure you, I had not many Difficulties to contend with, in complying with this unexpected Civility—as it gave me an Opportunity of making that inquisition, I wished, into a Character, of whose peculiar Amiability I had already formed so high a Conception.

I ACCORDINGLY passed yesterday with them. The venerable Mansion is one of the remaining Masterpieces

pieces of antique Sublimity. There is such an Union of Gothick Solemnity, and of what the Latins call, the *Simplex Munditiis*, as seems to have softened the obduracy of old *Time* itself. It is, indeed, natural to suppose that neither *Time* nor any thing else could possibly resist the Charms of its lovely Inhabitants ; such a Group of *Beauty, Elegance,* and *Accomplishments*, the most sanguine Imagination could never expect to meet with under the same Roof. I shall reckon the sight among the greatest Wonders

in the Annals of my History. *Paris* himself would have been puzzled to *which* he should have adjudged the prize of *superior* Excellence.—I was, in this case, perhaps, more decided, having been prejudiced already in favour of *One*—from whom I see no reason to transfer my Preference.

You will possibly think me extravagant, if I say that Miss *Beaufort* appears to be that Object *realized*, which I have been too ready to suppose existed only in my Fancy.—

Fancy.—But I will leave this Subject, lest I should seem *too much* interested in it; and, with my most respectful Attentions to Lady *Portman*, subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful

And obliged Servant,

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

L 4

SIR

SIR BEAUMONT PORTMAN.

EDWARD SEYMOUR, ESQ;

The Grove,

THE most fortuitous Incidents
in our lives are often attended
with the most pleasing Consequen-
ces. I am no less happy in the
unexpected acquisition of your Ac-
quaintance, than your polite ad-
dress

dress flatters me you are with mine; we are perfectly in Unison upon that point: let me therefore intreat you, my dear Sir, to give every Encouragement in your power to the increase of our mutual Satisfaction, by your frequent visits at *the Grove*.

You must indeed have been necessarily surpris'd at your accidental meeting with Miss *Beaufort*. I most sincerely congratulate you upon an Event, which, I perceive, by the style of your Letter, is far from

from being *disagreeable*. Lady Portman will now *boast* of her *Physiognomical* Talents, and entertain a more superlative opinion of her *Discernment* than ever. *Entrè nous*, she absolutely pretended to read in your Countenance something like *disappointment*, in not finding Miss Beaufort here on your return from St. Omers.

By the way, I cannot tell how far I may be revealing Secrets, by telling you that you are a *prodigious Favourite* in this quarter;
and,

and, that a *certain* Lady, not a hundred miles distant from your *present Residence*, made very particular Enquiries after, what she was pleased to call, the *agreeable Stranger*. Indeed I do not know a more excellent Girl than this said Miss *Beaufort*. She has such an uncommon degree of *good Humour*, accompanied with an *elegant, sentimental* turn of Mind, as is seldom to be met with in the present dissipated Age. I could not forbear this tribute to her Excellence—especially as that subject was more likely than any other

other, *perhaps*, to conciliate your
favourable attention to this little
Testimony of regard from,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

BEAUMONT PORTMAN.



LADY

LADY PORTMAN

TO

MISS BEAUFORT.

The Grove.

WELL, *Eliza*—I thought you would *See more* of the agreeable Stranger. The incidental circumstances you relate conspire to render *me* a true Prophetess, and *yourself*, peradventure——

I AM

I AM very much inclined to think, what may, perhaps, be deemed a little superstitious, that the Concurrence of several *contingent* Events, as they are usually called, generally produces some serious Effect: what that effect is likely to be, in the present Instance, Time will no doubt lead us to *See more.*

MUCH as, I may naturally conjecture, it would charm you to ring changes upon this *lovely* Name;
I shall

I shall interrupt your attention from so *agreable* an Object, to a subject more *surprising*. Sir *Beaumont* and myself were proling along our favourite walk—enjoying the sweet refreshing breeze, which scarce ever fails to render the *Hermitage* delightful—when we were suddenly alarmed, by the violent agitation of our little *Fidelle*: he ran, and barked with unusual vehemence; which called our attention to a little spot behind the great *Oak*, we have so frequently admired together,
and

and which was planted the very day Sir *Beaumont's* Father was born.

JUDGE, if you possibly can, what must have been our Feelings and Astonishment, when, upon examining the spot, we beheld a little Box; curious enough, as you may imagine, to know its contents—upon searching it, what should salute our wondering Eyes, but a beauteous *Infant*, clad in the neatest and most delicate manner you can possibly conceive. After
standing

standing for some minutes in silent surprise, Sir *Beaumont*, who, you know, is all *humanity*, and well acquainted with my enthusiastic Fondness for Children, begged that he might take it up and carry it in—he committed it to the care of a proper Nurse under our own Roof; and inclosed I transmit you a Copy of the few Lines, which were found wrapped up in the Bosom of this innocent Babe.

“ Misfortune’s Child, and born to Sorrow’s

“ smart,

“ Intreats the Pity of your tender Heart.

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“ Cast

“Cast on the Ocean wide of this World’s

“wave,

“Its suppliant hand thy generous Care

“would crave;

“Friendless, forlorn, its Life perhaps a

“day,

Oh! let compassion nurse this infant Clay.

And

I SHOULD have added the two remaining Lines, but that they are so blotted with the Tears which seem to have fallen from the Author, that I cannot decypher them.

THE mere Repetition of this remarkable incident affects my mind with such exquisite Sensibility, as compels me to finish more hastily than I wished to do, with assuring you of my being,

Dear Miss Beaufort's

Ever affectionate

And sincere Friend,

CHARLOTTE PORTMAN.

M 2

MISS

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MISS BEAUFORT

LADY PORTMAN.

Chatbam-Abbey.

I FIND my dear *Lady Port-*
man is not contented with having
enlisted herself upon the Hymeneal
Roll, but she must endeavour to
allure her Friends into the same
list with her. I shall certainly
think

think it an Honour to have my name always ranked with her's; and from the knowledge I have of the *Harmony* subsisting in the *Grove*, I have every Encouragement to believe that the chain of conjugal Union, may be worn, even *after* it is put on, with *Preference* and *Delight*.

STILL, however, this is not an age to make Experiments, where our Happiness is so very materially concerned; and, if it were, I have either too much Caution, Insensi-

bility, Self-love, Prudence, or, perhaps, *Prudishness*, to venture my own Felicity without seeing my way pretty clear before me. There are, I fear, but few Sir *Beaumonts* to give charms to the idea of an *indissoluble* Connection, when every Man of *Fashion* thinks himself obliged to be a Man of *Gallantry*: and to be a man of gallantry, is to form a very *different sort* of Connection.

In good truth, every thing one sees or hears in the *polite World*,

as

as it is called, would be quite sufficient to allay the fire of Imagination, however vehement it might be upon *that* Subject.

BUT I must beg a truce, with reference to a *certain Person*, about whom you think proper to entertain yourself at my expence; which I am nevertheless happy you should always do. You must know very well that the Attentions I received were no more than common, and such as any agreeable *Stranger* of polite Address would

naturally shew to a Friend of Lady Portman's: so no more of that.

I VERY sincerely congratulate you upon the surprising Call for your Generosity and Kindness you mention in your last.—The innocent Aspect of *such* a Petitioner, would, I am convinced, meet with all but parental Feelings from your unlimited Humanity.

THE Person, who deposited this little Treasure, no doubt well knew
its

its Security in the benevolent Sensibility of Sir *Beaumont* and *Yoursel*f—who are not only studious to relieve the Woes, which present themselves to you, but who, to adopt the characteristic Language of an elegant Poet,

“ Seek the wretched out.”

Such exertions of Benevolence, I am sure you find attended with a present Reward; and you must enjoy an additional satisfaction, in the pleasing Hope of discovering in
some

some future time, the Author of them.

POOR *Amelia* ! I cannot forbear expressing my Concern for her. Some deep anxiety, I fear, affects her Spirits, and, like a worm in the bud,

“ Preys on her damask Cheek.”

I HAVE something like a presentiment, that a Captain *Erskine*, in this neighbourhood, is the secret Cause ; if so, I pity them exceedingly,

ceedingly, as they seem intirely
formed for each other—but upon
prudential Maxims; to which you
and I agree to think much atten-
tion should be paid.

BUT whither will my Pen run?
I am determined to stop its hasty
Career, and am,

My dear Lady Portman,

Yours, ever affectionately,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

To

LADY PORTMAN

MADAM,

IF any thing could possibly add to the surprise and tender agitation of your Mind, at an Event which happened near the *Hermi- tage* a few days ago, it would be the Receipt of this line from the anxious *Parent* of the little *Found- ling*—

ling—who was waiting not far from the adventurous spot, with streaming Eyes, yearning Bosom, and bleeding Heart, to see what would be the Lot of her helpless Unfortunate.

No Description of my pen, though it is *all Feeling*, upon this delicate Occasion, can half so well paint my Emotions, when I saw you hang over my lovely Babe with that *unutterable* Look of benevolent Concern, as what I am persuaded your own Bosom will
 repre-

represent to you. The Gratitude of my Heart must at present remain a secret to all but myself;—hereafter——. I ought, however, to observe, for your satisfaction, that my Connection is honourable; and the little Infant, you have so kindly taken under your care, is the Offspring of virtuous Alliance; but the Peculiarity of a situation, extremely afflictive and perplexing, rendered such an extraordinary Procedure the most eligible.

My

My heart is too full to add any more;—May heaven protect and reward your benign Compassion, and bless you and yours with that uninterrupted Peace and Happiness, which, I hope, may also be in store for

Your unspeakably indebted,

And most grateful

Servant,

THE UNKNOWN PARENT.

ED-

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Lincoln's-Inn.

DEAR ERSKINE,

IT is no little satisfaction to me
to recollect the pleasurable hours
I spent with you at *Edgeworth
Manor*. I cannot but acknow-
ledge

ledge that they have rather unhinged me for the *Town*: it will take some time to forget the Variety of delights I enjoyed under the hospitable Roof, where you reside—and in our occasional Visits at the *Abbey*.

I PROFESS myself a Person of *Observation*. I never *intend* to visit merely for the sake of Amusement—much less to *kill Time*; which I look upon as one of the worst species of Murder. My object is, to study human Nature; and, you

must forgive me, if I was particularly curious in my inquiries respecting the Propriety of your Connection with the lovely *Amelia*. To be honest with you, I allowed myself to make use of a little Artifice to discover whether or not, and how far, the Attachment was **MUTUAL**; and was sorry to find, upon throwing out a Hint that you was likely to be called to join your Regiment very shortly, her countenance immediately took the **Alarm**, and she seized the first opportunity

portunity, that offered, of leaving
the Room.

OF all commerces, Friendship
is that which requires and avows
the greatest *Sincerity*; though it
too often meets with the least.
You must therefore permit me to
say, that I fear you have insinu-
ated yourself too deeply into this
lovely Creature's affections; to
which it would be impossible for
me to have any justifiable Objec-
tions, could I believe, upon prin-
ciples of *Prudence*, it would issue

in your reciprocal Felicity. *Amelia's* Fortune, I understand, is very small; and *your's* very near a kin to nothing. Beggary and Love may do very well in *Romance*, but they cut a wretched figure in *Reality*. It may be a vulgar proverb, but not the less true, on that account, that when *Poverty* comes in at the door, *Love* flies out at the window.

I REMEMBER you told me I was a *Philosopher in Love*; what I may be in *fact*, when put to the trial,

trial, I dare not prophecy ; what I am in *idea*, I will freely confess. I make a very material Distinction between the *Philosophy* and the *Foolosophy* of Love. Yes, you who are a Punster will say, the difference is as material as between *I* and *O* ; and you will exclaim, perhaps, from your present sensations, *Heigh, ho !* But, to be grave, if the Philosophy of Love is the shadow of a shadow, what must the Foolosophy of it be ! which is the case of a Man whose Affections

are at sea without the Pilot of his
Reason or Judgment.

You must give me Credit for the
Truth of what I say, when I assure
you, that nothing but the warmest
regard for your future and mutual
Happiness, could induce me to write
in a style so contrary to your Inclinations: but, however much it may
be against the grain, I must repeat
my old Remedy, and recommend
to you that Security which is to
be found only in *flight*. And
you

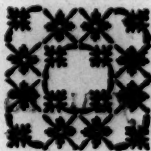
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you may believe me to be, in so
doing,

Your

Sincere Friend,

EDWARD SEYMOUR.



N 5

LADY

LADY PORTMAN

TO

MISS BEAUFORT.

The Grove.

MY DEAR MISS BEAUFORT,

I WISH you to share in all
my *Pleasures*, because I hope you
will sympathize with me in all my
Pains: and therefore, after much
inter-

interruption, I transfer you the Copy of an extraordinary Letter, the Author of which, you will percieve, is as much known to yourself as to me*. The poor little Infant, whom we christened *Charlotte*, grows one of the prettiest Children my eyes ever beheld. I wish you to see her ; but, independant of that, I have suffered your Absence so long, I begin to be impatient for the enjoyment of your Company at the *Grove* ; and shall absolutely be out of humour with

with you, if you disappoint me with any further Delays.

You may, perhaps, plead in excuse, you cannot possibly leave your poor *pathetic Amelia*; but, effectually to remove that objection, I beg she may accompany you hither. The Change of Scene may recover her drooping Spirits, and restore the rosy tint upon her fading Cheek; and will afford me the Introduction, I wish, to a personal knowledge of the Miss *Carterets*—
 from whose Character, drawn by
 your

your faithful pen, I indulge the most pleasing Expectations.

You forbid me to *say more* of a certain Person, but that is no proof to me of your dislike to *See more*.

LET me however have the pleasure of saluting you with all possible Expedition at the *Grove*—where you will be most affectionately received by Sir *Beaumont*, and yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE PORTMAN.

MISS

MISS BEAUFORT

TO

LADY PORTMAN.

Chatham Abbey.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE figure of *Janus*, if I recollect right, had only two Aspects; and one of them very unpleasing—Your kind Invitation has three; and all of them very agreeable: one to my *Friends*, another

to

to *Myself*, and a third to my *Louisa*, in particular; for, as to *Amelia*, whom you was so obliging as to nominate, much as she feels herself favoured by your kind Attention, she is immoveable: her *Plea* is, *want of Spirits*; but the *Truth* is, I believe, that for *some reasons*, of which she is too sensible, we call her a *fixture* in the *Abbey*.

WHEN I found my Importunity with her unsuccessful, I applied, where I knew much Solici-

Solicitation would not be necessary. *Louisa*, who is all Vivacity, accepted the proposal, with the unanimous Consent and Congratulations of all parties—who seemed delighted with the prospect of the Pleasure that awaited her at the *Grove*.

LEST you should form any Prejudices against the extreme Vivacity of my lively Friend, I must do her the justice to say, that it was quite absorbed in the loss of her invaluable Parent. Her Countenance

tenance is now again a little illumined by her wonted Chearfulness; and she looks like an *Aurora*, as a *poetical* Lover would say, emerging from the shades of Grief and Sorrow.

We intend setting out on this agreeable Excursion early in the next week; till then, adieu.

Ever yours,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

MISS

MISS BEAUFORT

MISS CARTERET.

The Grove.

MY DEAR HONORIA,

HAPPY as I am, whenever
I arrive at this beautiful Spot,
I should be sorry to forget the
tender Anxieties of those I have
left at the *Abbey*; and therefore

I feize

I seize the first Moment to let you know, that we reached this place without any interruption, and in perfect health. Sir *Beaumont* and Lady *Portman* were ready to receive us; and *Louisa* tells me that she felt herself quite *at home*, from the very polite and unaffected Accessibleness of this Family.

My Curiosity, which has been so excited about the little *Foundling*, was at length gratified, and I fixed my Eyes with a peculiar

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O

kind

kind of Sensation, as you may imagine, upon one of the most charming *petites Enfants* I ever beheld. I could almost envy her the Felicity of such Patrons; whose Fondness seems only less than that which Nature herself inspires.

SOMETIMES indeed, I can fancy I perceive a compassionate Tear stealing down the Cheek of Lady *Portman*, when she is looking at her with silent Attention.

SUCH

SUCH is the association of Ideas, that I cannot think upon any thing, at all *pathetic*, but the *pensive Amelia* occurs to my mind. There is something, I am persuaded, secretly corroding her internal Peace: you will remember your promise to embrace the first favourable Moment to investigate the real Cause.

HAVING just written a long Letter to my dear Father, you will excuse the shortness of this;

O 2 especially

especially as no words can adequately express with how much affection I am,

My dear HONORIA,

Yours, and *Amelia's*,

Most sincerely,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

MISS

MISS CARTERET

TO

MISS BEAUFORT.

Chatham-Abbey.

WHATEVER your Sensations may be, my dearest Friend, upon any temporary absence, I can assure you, with great Truth, that I always feel it with the utmost Regret.

O 3

IN

IN these occasional separations, the **Objects** which are left behind are, I believe, in general the most sensibly affected; every daily circumstance reminds them of their Loss; while the attention of the Absent is naturally, and very properly engaged by new Scenes and new Persons.

LET it not, however, enter the kind Bosom of my dearest *Eliza*, that I mean to insinuate in the most distant manner, as if new
scenes

scenes or new persons could obliterate her *Honoria* for one hour from her Memory and Mind. I shall never allow myself in the smallest suspicion of your Forgetfulness of those you profess to love, as I believe you look upon Sincerity and Truth to be more valuable accomplishments than the *fashionable* qualification of *appearing equally attached* to all; so making no distinction in our Address between those we *really esteem*, and those who are *totally indifferent* to us.

You must remember how we both feel, whenever we meet with a certain young Lady, a *vaſt Friend* of ours, and of every body's; in the *Extravagance* and *Univerſality* of her *Attachments*, *Toujours les même*. How often have we found it very difficult to preſerve our *riſible* powers, when we have heard her repeat to ten different people in the ſame company; “ O good gracious, my dear Creature, you cannot think

think how *happy* I am to see
you!"

BUT whither am I wandering?
Let me return to the *Abbey*,
and remind you, as I intended,
that, though we rejoice in all
your Satisfactions, we cannot but
lament, that, when *you* desert
us, we are deprived of so many
ourselves.

WE rely upon your best Endeavours,
to make us all the Compensation
you can, by writing
very

very frequently ; which will, in some measure, relieve the tedious hours of absence.

My Reasons for not being the *first* to be introduced to Lady *Portman*, you are acquainted with. You will communicate them to her at a proper Opportunity ; and be careful to assure her, that my *Ambition* for so agreeable an Honour is not the less, because it was *expedient* my Sister *Louisa* should have the indulgence before me.

WE

WE make use of every possible Effort to render your, and have we not cause to say *our* dear Father's Time pass agreeably, and to supply his *Elixa's* place.

IN the Morning, while he, as usual, is engaged in his pious or studious avocations, Musick, Working, and domestic Concerns chiefly engross our time,

IN

IN the Afternoon, we take our walk, and are frequently delighted in our return with hearing your excellent Father, just as the Sun has sunk below the Horizon, and the Moon and Stars begin to make their appearance, repeating his favourite lines from *Milton*—

“ These are thy glorious Works, Parent

“ of good,

“ Almighty ! Thine this universal Frame,

“ Thus wond’rous fair ! Thyself how

“ wond’rous then !

Unspeak-

“ Unspeakable! Who sit’st above these

“ Heav’ns,

“ To us invisible, or dimly seen;

“ In these thy lowest works; yet these

“ declare

“ Thy Goodness beyond thought, and

“ pow’r divine.

“ Speak ye, who best can tell, ye Sons of

“ light;

Angels; for ye behold him, and with

“ Songs

And choral Symphonies, day without

“ night,”

“ Circle his Throne rejoicing: ye in

“ Heav’n,

“ On Earth, join all his creatures, to

“ extol

“ Him

" Him *first*, Him *last*, Him *midst*, and
 " without *end*."

Etc, etc, etc.—————

WE then enter the Library,
 and, as the Evenings grow
 long, we pursue our established
 Custom of reading—and, hav-
 ing finished *Rapin's* history of
England last year, our present
 Course is through *Rollin's* antient
 History.

You may depend on my cri-
 tical observation of the pensive
Amelia,

Amelia, as you justly style her, and I will certainly watch the most favourable Moment to make inquisition into the true state of her Mind : if it should prove as we apprehend, I shall feel myself obliged to expostulate with her, on the *imprudence* of such a Connection ; not that I have any objection to it, but what arises from the want of an adequate Competency for Persons of their Delicacy and Education.

I HAVE

I HAVE nothing material to communicate, unless it be material to you to read again, how much we all love you—and none more, my dearest *Eliza*, than,

Your affectionate,

HONORIA CARTERET.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

FRIENDSHIP like ours,
 my dearest *Eliza*, is too familiar
 and intimate to observe the punc-
 tilious formality of *regular* Cor-
 respondence. If I had any thing
 to communicate, which I thought
 would afford you a moment's ad-
 ditional Satisfaction, I would send
 you three Letters for one, though
 each of them contained but three
 Lines.

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P

I AM

I AM thoroughly convinced of your affectionate Anxiety for our poor *Amelia*. I have at last found the opportunity I have long sought, of enquiring into the Cause of that apparent Abstraction and Distress to which she has seemed for some time so much habituated. I proposed the question to her with all the Tendernefs and Delicacy in my power; but, instead of making any explicit Answer, she took hold of my Hand, threw her Head upon my shoulder, burst into a flood of Tears, and, drawing the

the enclosed Letter out of her pocket, dropped it in my lap.

STRONG as *female Curiosity* is generally represented, or *misrepresented*, to be—I suffered it to lay there, till she had recovered herself from those perplexing Emotions, which almost overcame her; and I then asked her, whether she really wished I should read its Contents? To which she replied in the Affirmative—and immediately left the Room.

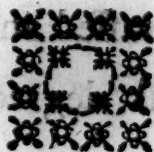
As you have no reason to observe the same Delicacy as that which governed me at this particular Crisis—and possibly may have more Curiosity than your *Honoria*—I will not interrupt the gratification you may receive from *Erfkine's* Letter : a copy of which I am permitted to send you. What is to be done in this sad Dilemma ? Let me have your early thoughts upon the Subject ; and with my most respectful Attentions to Sir

Beaumont

Beaumont and *Lady Portman*, and
Love to my dear *Louisa*, believe
me,

Ever yours,

HONORIA CARTERET.



CAP.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO

MISS AMELIA CARTERET.

Edgeworth-Manor.

I AM embarrassed and perplexed
to the greatest degree, to know
how to address you, or to conduct
myself upon the present Occasion :
I may, perhaps, be condemned as
impru-

imprudent; I may be the unwilling cause of exciting Sensations in your Mind, which you never wished to feel; or, I may be premature in my Apprehensions respecting what indeed I most earnestly *hope*, but ought not to *believe*.

LET the Issue, however, be what it may, the exquisite Anguish of my Mind compels me to this mode of Relief; and, bitter as it would be to be disappointed in the favourable ideas I have formed

upon the subject of this Application, the Consequences might have been much more serious, had I continued silent.

I CAN hardly persuade myself to think that the very particular Actions, my Eyes, my Thoughts, and my every Action has intentionally paid to you when in your Company, can have passed *unnoticed*. You have too much Discernment; and I have ever flattered myself, that they have been received with some-

something like Complacency on your part.

STILL it is possible that all these may be the mere pleasures of *Imagination*—and I may have been the Sport of my own delusive Fancy. Much as I dread to hear the worst, I find it is now become absolutely necessary for the Peace of my Mind, and the Health of my Body, neither of which are fortified with Armour against the *tender Sensibilities*, that my Happiness should either be confirmed,
or

or that——Here my pen fails
me; and I must leave, in your
sovereign Disposal, the future
earthly Blifs of, most amiable of
Women,

Your devoted

And faithful

SIDNEY ERSKINE.

Miss.

MISS BEAUFORT

T O

MISS CARTERET.

The Grove.

MY DEAR HONORIA,

SO then, the Secret is really
out; the Mystery is revealed; in
this Dilemma, to repeat your own
words, what can be done? I am
afraid

afraid the Evil, if it be one, is gone too far to admit of a Remedy. In a contest between *Prudence* and *inclination*, it requires no uncommon share of Philosophy and Judgment to determine which is more likely to yield.

Entré nous, Erskine, is most indisputably a sensible, accomplished, pleasant Man; but, alas! what a pity, that so material a requisite is wanting as renders such a Connection highly inexpedient. People, I have heard say,
may

may live upon Money without Love, but not on Love without Money.

My Heart is indeed most affectionately interested in the real Happiness of our dear *Amelia*; as a proof of it, I have not suffered a Post to pass without this Line. —After having turned the Subject over again and again in my Mind, I think the most adviseable and judicious Plan that can be pursued, will be to prevail upon her to defer answering the Letter,

you

you inclosed me, till she has consulted my dear Father ; his Opinion, I hope, will be as *acceptable* to each party as I am sure it will be *right*.

INCLOSED I send you a little Poem of improvement on the present Season ; which, I dare say, will afford you as much Entertainment as it has me. You will discover in it, if I mistake not, the united excellencies of *Poetry*, *Sentiment*, and *Morality*.

THE

T H E
F A L L O F T H E L E A F.

I.

SEE the Leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless Mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

II.

SONS OF ADAM, once in Eden
Blighted whence, like us, ye fell;
Hear the Lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the Truth we tell.

III.

III.

VIRGINS, much, too much presuming
 On your boasted white and red ;
 View us, late in Beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

IV.

Gripping MISERS, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your Care ;
 Fled on Wings of our own making,
 We have left our Owners bare.

V.

SONS OF HONOUR, sed on Praises,
 Flutt'ring high in fancy'd Worth ;
 Lo! the fickle Air, that raises,
 Brings us down to parent Earth.

VI.

VI.

Learned SOPHS, in Systems jaded,
 Who for new one's daily call;
 Cease at length, by us persuaded,
 Ev'ry leaf must have its Fall.

VII.

YOUTHS, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in Health and manly Grace;
 Let no cloudless Skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to Autumn place.

VIII.

Venerable SIREs, grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling Eye;
 Think amidst your falling Glory,
 Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

IX.

Yearly in our Course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay ;
 Thus we preach this Truth concerning,
" Heaven and earth shall pass away."

X.

On the TREE OF LIFE eternal,
 Man, let all thy Hopes be stay'd,
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a *" Leaf that shall not fade."*

ALL here desire to be kindly
 remembered, as well as

Affectionately yours,

ELIZA BEAUFORT.

MISS

MISS AMELIA CARTERET

TO

MISS LOUISA CARTERET.

Chatham-Abbey:

MY DEAR SISTER,

NOTWITHSTANDING your natural Vivacity, I know you have a tender Heart—otherwise I certainly should not communicate to

Q 2

you

you the present Feelings of my own.—You are used to laugh at all the ridiculous noise and stuff, as *you* call it, of being in Love: and so do most people, I suppose, till they themselves are so unfortunate as to be caught in that Snare.

You have heard, by this time, I have no doubt, of the distressing Sensibilities which intirely possess the bosom of your poor *Amelia*—and which have really involved her in a labyrinth of Woe.

WHERE

WHERE Prudence and Inclination are at war, how severe is the Combat! how bitter the strife! Especially to a mind that has been habituated to *obey*, as well as to receive Advice—and yet is exquisitely susceptible of tender impressions.

THIS state, I need not apprise you, is mine—*Honoria's* Letter informed our dear *Eliza*, and consequently yourself, that——that——but, how is it possi-

ble for me to mention *Names* or *Circumstances* in the present situation of things !

COULD I, at one and the same time, *triumph* in the gratification of my own Wishes, and in the Approbation of those I so justly esteem, and which is so *essential* a Sanction to my conduct ; instead of having my Attachment concealed, I should rejoice to have it confirmed—not that I have ventured to acknowledge so much as this, but to *yourself*.

WHY,

WHY, indeed, should I be ashamed to avow my partiality for an Object, whom those of the nicest Judgment cannot but admire and esteem. But then, I am told of *Prudence*—with the Charms of which I hope I shall never fail to be attracted; and yet I must confess, that I have never been used to think upon that subject in the present View; and now, that it is forced upon my Attention, though it may be judicious and proper, it does not

Q 4 appear

appear to me either amiable or delicate. The Arguments produced in its defence, must, I am persuaded, coming from that Quarter, be very *just*, but indeed they are not very *forcible*; and I am sorry to say that they meet with, perhaps, too much Opposition within me.

HAD I remained in a state of Ignorance, respecting *another's* Mind, I flatter myself I should never have been so imprudent as to have divulged my own; and
my

my Ignorance might have been my *comparative* Bliss; but now, that I am no longer a Stranger to what passes in his Breast, I must necessarily feel the struggle the greater; nor is it to be imagined, that my Power of Resistance can be greater than his; if *he* can be prevailed on to listen to the Dictates of Prudence more than to those of Affection—in *that* case, I must *submit*.

You must give me Credit for having acted very heroically,
when

when I acquaint you that I have attended so far to *prudent Advice*, in replying to his Letter, as to beg leave to suspend any *decisive* Answer to its contents—not without a little Anxiety for what he will suffer in the Disappointment.

LET me, before I finish my Letter, propose one Question to my dear *Louisa*. Which is to be preferred? Much Amiability and Virtue without Riches, or much Riches where *these* are wanting? and we generally agree that

that they seldom accompany each other. Can you hesitate for a moment, how to determine, or not to determine in *favour* of

Your very affectionate,

but wretched

AMELIA CARTERET.

MISS

MISS LOUISA CARTERET

TO

MISS AMELIA CARTERET.

The Grove.

INDEED, my dearest *Amelia*,
I do not know whether to laugh
or to weep. To say the Truth,
your Letter has excited these dif-
ferent Emotions more than once,
since

since it came to hand. Could I
laugh you out of any uncomfortable
Feelings, I would laugh

“From Eve to Morn,—from Morn to
dewy Eve.”

THAT, you will think, would
not be very difficult or unpleasant
to one of my *extreme Vivacity*.
Well, then, you may believe me
to be no less sincere, when I as-
sure you, that I would *weep* as
long a time to deliver you from
any positive or probable degree of
Uneasiness; but am apprehensive
that

that my Tears and my Risibility would have much the same Effect, that is, none at all.

You shall, however, be convinced that, amidst all my Gaiety, I have paid the most *serious* attention to every thing you have communicated to me upon this interesting Subject—which I shall now consider with all the *Regularity* of a *Preacher*.

FIRST, then, I am no Enemy to those *Maxims* of *Prudence*, which have been so much urged
upon

upon you; they deserve to be regarded in this important Concern, and may peradventure be found in the issue to enter very deeply into *domestic Felicity*; and therefore I have not a single Word to offer in Opposition to them.

SECONDLY; As to your *Inamorato* himself, I have nothing to object to *him*; he is indisputably far superior to the generality of our modern *Beaux en Militaire*; but, as Love is *blind*, you ought to be thankful for the Assistance
of

of my Eyes; what I mean is, that he may not be such a *Phoenix*, as to be the only Man of Virtue and Amiability in the world. Some indeed are of opinion, that no man deserves the Character, who has not been put to the Trial; because, when they have been *tried*, they have been found in so many instances *Ideal*.

THIRDLY, and to conclude—the Question you proposed, I will acknowledge, is a little *puzzling*,
and

and I feel myself unequal to a categorical Solution—unless indeed you could ascertain the *Reality*, and secure the *Perpetuity* of that Virtue and Amiability, which ought always to be preferred : otherwise, we know the weight of *Gold*, but as to that of virtuous Amiability, it may, upon experiment, and perhaps sad experiment too, be found wanting.

I SHOULD not have written in this style, but that I perceive, by yours

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R

to

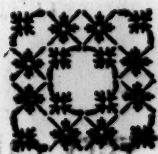
to me, that you are not yet so *infatuated* as to have quite lost the use of your *Understanding*. To be sure, as I never intend to be in *Love* myself, I am hardly qualified to write upon the Subject, and feel myself obliged to apologize for having said so much upon it, against the grain of your present Feelings.

WHATEVER may be the Event,
I shall be most tenderly anxious
for your real Happiness, and am,
with

with unfeigned Sympathy, my
dearest *Amelia's*

Truly affectionate

LOUISA CARTERET.



R 2

MISS

MISS AMELIA CARTERET

CAPTAIN ERSKINE.

Chatham Abbey.

SIR,

YOU may very easily conceive
that it was impossible for me to
read the Letter, you thought pro-
per to address to me, without
being

being full as much embarrassed,
as yourself.

I HAVE considered its Contents
with all the attention which the
Delicacy, Honour, and Generosity
with which they are expressed,
demanded—and find them of too
serious a Nature to admit of an
abrupt or hasty Reply.

You will not think me unkind,
I hope, if I intreat you to take a
little more Time, in reconsidering
a matter of so great Importance;

and to ask yourself, upon mature
 Deliberation, whether the step you
 wish to take is altogether a *pru-*
dent one.

I WILL not be so insincere to
 my own Feelings, or allow myself
 to indulge so much disingenuous
 Artifice, as to intimate that those
 Excellencies which every body
 must discover, as well as myself,
 were beheld with an indifferent
 Eye. I hope I shall not offend
 the rules of strictest Propriety in
 adding, that, they have even im-
 proved

proved upon a more familiar Acquaintance with them.

Much as I wish to relieve the exquisite Anguish, you are pleased to say you suffer on my account—and that the peace of your Mind, and the health of your Body should be restored, I must beg that this weighty Concern may remain for some time, at least, in a state of total suspense; lest you should unfortunately do that in haste, which you may hereafter

R 4

find

find too much reason to repent at
leisure.

HAD I no other cause for it,
but the knowledge of that Friend-
ship which subsisted between my
late Brother, of dearest memory,
and yourself, I should be happy
to subscribe myself with great
Esteem,

Sir,

Your much obliged

AMELIA CARTERET.

CAP.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE

TO

MISS AMELIA CARTER ET.

Edgeworth's Manor.

"SUSPENCE! thou frozen Guest,

"begone!

"The Wretch, whose rugged bed

"Is lin'd with thorns, more softly rests his

"head,

"Than he who sinks amid the Cygnet's

"down,

"If

" If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,
 " To prompt his starting tear, his cease-
 " less sigh,
 " His wish, his pray'r, his vow, for
 " ling'ring CERTAINTY."

No Language can more ade-
 quately express the wretched Emo-
 tions of my Mind upon reading
 that part of your Letter, which
 refers me to total *Suspence*, upon
 a Subject in which total suspence
 is but another Phrase for *total*
Misery. The Cordial, which your
 kind Attention and ingenuous Con-
 fession administered to that peri-
 lous

lous load which weighed upon my Heart, in the proceeding paragraphs, was most sadly poisoned when I came to this.—

THERE is a Friend——

“Surest Friend the wretched find;”

which alone can support me during the moments of unspeakable Sadness and Anguish I still have to suffer, till I receive something *more satisfactory* from your favourable Pen.

SUCH

SUCH is the present Distress of
my Mind, you must forgive me
if it is the whole subject of
this short Letter; for I am not
able at present to think or write
any thing else—being with the
utmost Agitation and Solicitude,
respecting the issue of this second
Address, and with equal Affection
and Esteem,

Madam,

Your devoted and

faithful Servant,

SIDNEY ERSKINE.

MISS

MISS AMELIA CARTERET

T O

MISS LOUISA CARTERET.

Chatham-Abbey.

SO then, my dearest *Louisa*,
because you think you are not
likely to *laugh* or *weep* me out
of my *fore Malady*, you have a
Mind to try what *preaching* will
do.

do. Well, my dear Sister, if you understand how to *preach* to the *Heart*, you may possibly prove a good Physician; but that I fear is out of your *Power*, whatever Opinion I may entertain of your *Will*.

WHERE our *Reason* is alone addressed, we see daily in this, as well as in cases of much greater Importance, how inadequate it is, either to prevent Misfortune, to change the Biass of our affections, or to administer the Consolation

solation a great variety of perplexing Occurrences in Life may require—especially where the Heart is *so strongly* attached, as I must ingenuously confess mine to be.

THERE are two circumstances in my situation, which, I apprehend, will baffle all the Skill and Eloquence of your Preachment; one is, that the Disease, if it be a disease, under which I am now suffering, has been taking root so gradually, and insinuating itself in so quiet and unsuspected a manner,

manner, that it will not be so easily eradicated as if it had been sudden and violent.

THE other is, that the Object is such as need but be known, to be universally admired—which must certainly lessen the Weight of what, if it had not been urged by my dear *Louisa* and others, I should have taken the Liberty to call a contemptible consideration, in Comparison with those surprising Excellencies of *real*
worth

worth and disinterested affection
which so far outweigh.

Who is it that says, what I
have somewhere read or heard
among the Lovers of Sentiment,
that, "*Character* is of infinitely
more value than *Fortune*." It is
to be sure all in all, in my opinion
at least, where a Connection is, in
language so formidable to you, "to
have and to hold, till death us do
part." Gold, I will allow, can pur-
chase Parade, as well as necessary
Accommodations; but, is the hu-

man Mind sunk so very low, as to look to that quarter for its essential Felicity? The *only* thing which renders *more* than a Sufficiency desirable, is the opportunity it affords us of relieving the Woes, or adding to the Joys of others.

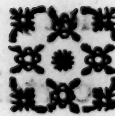
Is it be a part of our Nature and Constitution always to pursue after Happiness, next to the noble search for it in *Religion*, its only *infallible* source, it is more probable, I believe, that we should find it in a certain *Mediocrity* of Station,

Station, than in the higher Ranks
of Life.

AFTER all, you are the last
Person with whom I ought to
argue on this delicate Subject—as
you very honestly profess yourself
a *blest Insensible*. I know not whe-
ther to congratulate you on this
Occasion, or not; be that as it
may, you are certainly incapable
of forming any adequate Ideas
of the distracted feelings which
disturb my Mind. I am inter-
rupted,

rupted, and have only time to
say, may happier days be yours !

AMELIA CARTERET.



REV.

REV. MR. BEAUFORT

TO

SIR GEORGE MELMOUTH.

Chatham-Abbey.

MY DEAR SIR,

AN interesting circumstance has lately occurred in this Family, which has occasioned no small degree of additional Anxiety to

S 3

my

my Mind—with which I think it proper you should be immediately acquainted.

WE have a Gentleman in this Neighbourhood, whom you must remember formerly to have seen in intimate Connection with your deceased Nephew—a Captain *Erskine*, who has lately made Proposals of a very serious nature to Miss *Amelia Carteret*.

THIS Matter has been communicated to me by the young
Lady

Lady with great ingenuousness and confidence; and though, from the personal Knowledge I have of the Gentleman, no objection can be made to his *Family* or *Character*—in point of *Fortune*, it appears to me that the Attachment is an imprudent one.

UPON this Conviction, I delivered my judgment with all the Freedom and Tenderneſs which the neceſſity of the caſe, in my opinion, required; but I am ſorry to ſay, which you will eaſily antici-

pate, to very little Purpose.—
 And indeed, between ourselves, I
 am apprehensive that a mutual
 Affection, which, as far as I can
 learn, has been cherished and in-
 creasing for some time, before it
 was at all perceived, is not soon
 to be conquered by the cool Argu-
 ments of *mild Philosophy*—though
 founded upon *Reason* and *Expe-
 rience*.

I could not have been satisfied
 without intreating your kind Af-
 sistance in this important Business,
 and

and wishing to have your Thoughts
on the subject before any decisive
step is taken. I remain, with
best Compliments to Lady Mel-
mouth,

Dear Sir George,

Yours, very faithfully,

WILLIAM BEAUFORT.

SIR

SIR GEORGE MELMOUTH

TO THE

REV. MR. BEAUFORT.

Stratford Place.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

YOU ask my Advice respecting
the late Proposal of Captain *Ers-*
kine to my amiable Niece.—I cer-
tainly feel myself very much in-
terested

terested in a matter in which her future Happiness is so essentially concerned; and I perfectly acquiesce in your Opinion and Judgment — sorry indeed that there should be any circumstance in this affair which almost precludes the possibility of our cordial Sanction.

I know the Family of Captain *Erskine*, and am thoroughly satisfied, that the Union they with affords no very pleasing Prospect for themselves; the Pleasure of
which

which must still diminish in the view of any *additional* Call for an Increase of their present inadequate Finances.—

I HAVE often been much affected, upon principles of common Benevolence, to see how frequent the instances are of Connections, formed upon very *injudicious Attachments*, and terminating in the most unfortunate *domestic Inconvenience*. I mean particularly to those who have been educated and lived in habits of a certain Style.

Sooner

Sooner or later such inconveniences must be *felt* ; and, the great evil is, that they are felt too late to be *remedied*.—In all these cases the more delicate the Minds, the more exquisite the Sufferings.

YOUR friendly and minute Attention seems to have investigated this subject so accurately, as to supercede any thing, I might otherwise have had to offer ; and as you have laid the mature Result of it before my Niece, should the young people remain firm and immoveable

moveable against the united voices of *Reason*, *Prudence*, and *Experience*, what can be done ? Since the *Character* of young *Erskine* is unexceptionable, they must, in short, pursue their own Measures, for fear of being driven to still greater extremes.—

LADY *Melmouth* joins me in this idea, and we are both quite at ease in the assurance that, whatever plan you may think proper to adopt, it will be the best ; sincerely

cerely wishing you less Trouble,
and more Happiness, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours, most faithfully,

GEORGE MELMOUTH.

I HAVE written a Letter of the
same import to *Amelia*.

End of the first Volume.

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cerely wishing you less Trouble,
and more Happiness, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

GEORGE MARMONTH.

I HAVE A LETTER OF THE 19TH AUG 68

same import to Amelia.

End of the first Volume.

The accurate Reader is desired to excuse,
and correct, the following ERRATA.

Address, page 13, line 11, read, *Asiatics*.

P. 33, l. 4, read, *engaged*.

P. 153, l. 9, read, *Presentiment*.

P. 201, l. 5, the Reference is to Letter
in Page 188.

P. 123, l. 5, read, *Principle*.